KINDLE THE LIGHT

(An Anthology)

T. L. VASWANI

KINDLE THE LIGHT

Also by T. L. Vaswani

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EDUCATION : WHAT INDIA NEEDS
LIFE IS ENDLESS

BELOVED DĀDĀJI

[Sri T. L. Vaswani]

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J. P. VASWANI

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— *The Manager*

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KINDLE THE LIGHT !

UNHAPPY are so many. They fight, alas! in the name of cults and creeds.

"Come unto Me!" saith Krishna. I interpret this to mean :—"Come unto love!"

Work, but charge it with love! In every act, kindle the light of Love!

* * *

WHEN you settle yourself in silence and humble yourself before God, He gives you new strength to serve, new love to bear the burden of your brothers and sisters who stumble in this world of tragedy and tears.

Life is meant to be a *yagna*,—a sacrifice to the Lord. And *yagna* is offered in silence. The world is a *tapobana* (forest of meditation) to him who learns to worship the Lord in solitude. He may not see the stars but he beholds the glory of God within himself, and the very desert blooms for him as a rose-garden of beauty.

Silence the storms of the flesh and sit mute within yourself. Then listen to the voices speaking directly to you :—"My child! enter now into the City of Joy!"

Step by step, must you ascend to God,—laying your senses to sleep and purifying your mind of desires. So, fixing your gaze on the Golden Light within you, you rise to the Lord, until you transcend yourself, you transform yourself, you become divine!

T. L. VASWANI

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INTRODUCTION

A FEW days before Beloved Dada* gave up his physical body, he said :—When you set fire to this body, repeat the prayer of the ancient Rishi :—

Asato mā sad gamaya
Tamaso mā jyotir gamaya
Mrityor mā 'mritam gamaya

Through untruth lead me into Truth!
Through darkness lead me into Light!
Through death lead me into the Deathless State!

It was a prayer which was very dear to Beloved Dada's heart. He asked us to offer the prayer, again and again :—"*Tamaso mā jyotir gamaya!*" "Through darkness lead me, O Lord! into the Light!"

"How may we go out of the dark into the Light?" I asked him once. And he answered :—"Love leadeth into the world of light!"

"How?" I asked him.

And his answer was in the words of the great mystic-poet of Iran, Jelal-ud-Din Rumi .—"Love lifteth the veil."

Yes,—love lifts the veil and leads us out of dark into the Light.

---

* Sri T. L. Vaswani, in love and reverence, is called "Dada." The word means "elder brother." And Dada is, verily, a brother of all men, all races and religions, all nations, a brother of the bereft and bereaved, a brother, too, of birds and animals, trees and flowers, stars and streams,—a brother of all creation.

With love blend renunciation,—said Beloved Dada. Let the twain be one! Love is not love if it has not learnt to renounce everything,—every comfort, every attachment, every desire,—for the sake of the Beloved. For the love of God cannot be kindled in a heart that is not emptied of all else.

Ibrahim bin-Adham was the king of Balkh. He renounced everything,—his throne, his palace, his wife and child,—and set out in quest of Allah. He became a Saint through whom the joy and inspiration of God flowed out to many. After several years, Ibrahim meets his son. A spark of love for the child is generated within his heart. He embraces the prince and greets him with the warmth of love. Immediately, he hears a Voice within him. It says :—"Ibrahim, either love Me or love your child. Make your choice." Ibrahim quickly departs. On his lips is the prayer :—"Forgive me, O Lord! I love Thee and none besides!"

"From the mingling of love and renunciation arises inward Light," teaches Beloved Dada. "It leads the pilgrims on! They who love God find their rest in God alone!"

"Save by renouncing," said the Buddha, "no safety can I see for living things." Life, today, is full of restlessness. Unrest in all the countries of the world is growing. And an increasing number of men and women ask :—"Is life worth living?" In a Russian novel, we read of a doctor who feels the emptiness of existence and who seeks the joy of life in eating enormously whenever he gets a chance to do so. And this doctor says :—"If one thinks about it, you know, looks into it and analyses all this hotch-potch, if you will allow me to call it so, it is not life but more like a fire in a theatre!" Significant words these! And I recall what the Buddha said to his disciples on a memorable occasion :—"Everything is on fire!" It is the fire of *trishna*, *tanha*, craving, in which the world is burning. "Modern life is full of flaming unrest," says Beloved Dada. And the remedy of unrest is renunciation, self-renunciation.

To a village, Beloved Dada went, many years ago. And sitting beneath a tree, he sang a moving song. A peasant happened to pass by. His crops had failed : his creditors pestered him everyday. The peasant looked at the radiant peacefulness and serenity in Beloved Dada's face and, for a while, forgot all his troubles. He kept on gazing at the face of wondrous beauty and calm. And he exclaimed :—"It is good to be like this man. His crops do not fail. And no creditors come to him in the early morn chiding him with debts. A happy man is he!" Happy, indeed, was Beloved Dada. For he had found the secret in non-possession. He blended love with renunciation.

The peasant carried the news to the villagers that a *dervish*, a man of God, was in their midst. And men and women and children thronged in hundreds to have his *darshana*.

And the *Wadera*, the Chieftain of the village, asked Dadaji :—"Why is it that though we have all we need, we still are unhappy?"

And Dadaji said :—"Ye are unhappy because ye wander."

And a villager asked :—"Why is it that we wander and have no peace in our hearts?"

And Dadaji answered :—"Ye wander because ye are victims to desires and appetites. They will not let you rest in peace."

"And what may we do to be free from desires and appetites?" they asked.

And Dadaji said :—"Give your mind and heart to God. Let your hands be engaged in work : but let your thoughts dwell on the Lotus-feet of the Beloved. For thoughts are internal forces. And as you think, so you make or mar yourself."

ON the tomb of Herder, in Germany, are inscribed the three words :—"Light! Life! Love!" In these three words, according to this great German seer, is given a summing of the process of historical evolution.

In the beginning was Light. God is the Primal Light. We read in the *Qur'an* :—

He is the Primal Light,—
The Light of the Heavens and the Earth.
He is Light upon light!
He is the Light of light!
And the Light is adored by all!

Out of Light came Life. "All things take their life from Light," says Schiller. And life fulfils itself in Love. Life without love is an aimless wandering. "What for is this universe?" Dadaji was asked. And with the insight of a mystic, he answered :—"That love centres may be multiplied. The purpose of evolution, as I interpret it, is the increase of values: and the highest values are Wisdom and Love."

In history, there is a double movement. There is the horizontal movement; and there is the vertical movement. The horizontal is the movement of heat. And so we have wars and violence, class strifes, colour prejudices, cut-throat competition, the injustice of man to man, the exploitation of animals, the conflicts of creeds and communities, the rivalries of religions and races. But there is also the vertical movement, the movement of Light. In it is the hope of humanity. And men of Light,—sages and seers and saints, poets and prophets,—are the promise of the future.

The nations need a message of light. In every department of life, light is needed. And so Beloved Dada said, again and again :—"Kindle the Light! And the Light is within you! You are the Light!" Did not the Buddha say to his disciples :—"Be ye lamps unto yourselves?".

Many years ago, I said to Beloved Dada :—"You have asked me to study the scriptures and the lives of saints. So long as I am immersed in the study, I feel light and luminous, filled with joy and peace. But as soon as I cease to study, the light departs and I am plunged into darkness."

Dadaji's answer was a parable. He said :—"Two men journeyed together through a jungle on a dark, starless night. One of them had a lamp by whose light they moved on. At midnight, they arrived at a point where their paths divided, and each had to move on alone. The man with the lamp walked without fear. The other one was plunged into terror."

And Dadaji added :—"Kindle the Light! And the light is within you!"

BELOVED Dada spoke to us of the triple light. There is firstly, the light of the body. Keep the body pure and strong, and it will radiate light. Purity is *yoga*, said Beloved Dada to me, one day, when I asked him if I could take up a course in yogic *āsanas* and *prāṇayāma*. The bodies of so many, today, are weak, pale, emaciated, anything but lustrous. For, today, a cult of pleasure is abroad. To-day, youngmen confound love with sensation : and not a few find fault with ideals of morality. The light of the body is *brahmacharya*. Every one who would kindle the light must purify himself from the lower self of desires. He must still the tumult of the senses.

There is, secondly, the light of the mind. Reflection, the power of understanding, is what India and the world need today. For India, today, is being broken into pieces. Patriotism is become parochial. The barriers between provinces and nations and communities must break. Larger minds must be built. Therefore said Beloved Dada :—"Truth first! Brother-pilgrim on the path! be thou a seeker of Truth. Truth, not tradition! Truth, not dogmas, creeds, communities, races!" Seek ye the Truth,—said Jesus,—and Truth will make you free!

In our search for Truth, Dadaji said, three things must be noted :—(1) humility; (2) simplicity; and (3) meditation. Truth must not be proud. So let us grow in the spirit of humility. In expressing truth, let us not hurt or injure another. One of the greatest intellects of today, Dadaji said, the man who has, perhaps, the biggest brain, is Einstein. And he has told us that his is the religion of humility.

(2) And if you would grow in the spirit of truth, you must be simple. Do not imitate. Be true to the genius of your race. All the great ones of India, from the days of Manu to those of Mahatma Gandhi and Beloved Dada, have been simple. Be simple. Renounce luxuries. Significant are the words of Helen Keller :—"Let my mind

grow in the beauty of a simple flower." The flower is simple and, therefore, beautiful. And if you would develop beautiful minds, grow in simplicity.

(3) Meditation is necessary. And meditation, Dadaji points out, is not vegetation. To meditate is to grow vital. Therefore, go into silence everyday. "To go into silence even for an hour, every day, is an uplifting experience. He who would know what is Light must go into silence. One day he will see the Light!"

Then there is the light of the heart. It is the light of sympathy and service. He who has light lives not for himself alone : he lives for others. The master-word of Beloved Dada's life was sympathy, compassion, service. In his heart was love divine : it moved out to all whom the cruel world trampled upon day after day.

His love moved out to thieves and criminals and to those whom the world called "sinners." A girl, who had gone astray, came to Beloved Dada with tears in her eyes. Dadaji wiped her tears with his handkerchief and said :—"The sinner of today is, not unoften, the saint of tomorrow. Forget what God hath forgotten!" The girl came to the *satsang* (spiritual assembly) every evening and, before returning home, she would make it a point to meet Dadaji and get his blessings. He always met her with the love of a mother for her child Her life was transformed. She became an earnest, aspiring child of God.

Dadaji's love was not restricted to human beings : it extended to all creatures,—even to trees and flowers. He did not wish us to pluck flowers. He could not resign himself to the sufferings of animals at the cruel hand of man. "For me not to love bird and beast," he said, "would be not to love the Lord. For His children are birds and beasts, no less than human beings."

A girl of tender years came to him, one day, saying :—"Dada I love your teaching more than words may tell. And you have urged, again and again, that we must keep away from flesh-diet. Meat-eating, you say, is murder. But what shall I do? I have tried to live on vegetarian diet. It is so tasteless. It kills my appetite. Tell me what shall I do?"

And Dadaji asked us to bring a big knife. It was quickly brought. Holding the knife in his hand, he said to the girl :—"My child! tell me how much flesh do you need. I shall cut it from my body and give it to you. But pray, do not have dumb, defenceless creatures killed!"

The words moved the heart of the little girl. Tears trickled down her cheeks, as she said :—"Dada! I promise I shall never touch flesh any more! I would rather starve than eat the flesh of a living creature."

Twenty-five centures ago, the Buddha had done a similar thing. When he found a goat about to be sacrificed in the presence of the king of Rajgir, the Buddha said :—"Great king! let not the goat be sacrificed. Take my life as a sacrifice, O king! and spare the goat!"

The heart of the king was moved. And he asked the Buddha to speak a few words to the assembled people. The Buddha said :—"O men! how easily you destroy life! But can any one of you give life? So have mercy, have compassion. It is compassion that makes the world noble and beautiful. Therefore, resolve that you will live on bloodless diet. In gentleness is the crown of life!"

The light of the body is *brahmacharya*; the light of the mind is understanding; the light of the heart is compassion.

Concerning this triple light, Beloved Dada has so much to say in these pages.

In *Kindle the Light* have been brought together fragments from Beloved Dada's multifarious writings on one aspect or the other of the Life of the Spirit. He loved to think of himself as a pilgrim on the path of life. We all are fellow-pilgrims, he said again and again, treading the path which has seven steps : the very first is awakening. "Wake up, O brother! Wake up, O sister !" is Dadaji's clarion call. "Awake to the divine values of life!"

Dadaji moved across the length and breadth of India. And crossing the seas, he went to lands outside India. He visited towns and villages. He spoke in schools and colleges and universities, in temples and *ashramas*, in churches and *viharas*, in town halls and public squares. He addressed mammoth gatherings : he spoke to small groups. He uttered the one word, again and again :—"Awake! Awake!"

To awake is to realise that I do not belong to the earth, that I am here as a pilgrim. My stay here is for a brief while. My Homeland is elsewhere. I am a citizen of the Kingdom of the Spirit. For I am not the body with which I so often identify myself. I am the *Atman*. And I have put on the body to express through it the *Atman*, to express eternity. Dadaji did not regard the world as illusion. The world, he said, is transient, not illusory. And the supreme purpose of life is to express the eternal in time. Therefore eliminate desires : transform them into aspirations.

Today, so many in India feel that there is no progress without industrialisation and technological advancement.

"Atomic energy, electric generators and paved roads have their place in life's programme," Dadaji said, "but only when we control them by a spiritual ideal in life. If we let them control man, we reduce him to a machine or a creature immersed in pleasures, forgetful of the purpose of life."

Through precept and practice, Dadaji preached the gospel of the simple life. And simplicity, according to him, is linked with purity and that true poverty which is detachment and which regards money as a trust for the service of God and Man. He who would be simple must be poor in spirit. And he must be pure : he must put out the fire of passion.

"Be simple!" is Dada's word to India's youths. "Don't be soft! Don't be victims to love of ease and comfort. Be simple and strong in the power of self-denial. Be simple and strong in the spirit of sacrifice. In simplicity is that true discipline which is the secret of national advance. Decay is from within. Toynbee, the historian, points out in his *Study of History*, that out of nineteen civilisations, sixteen broke down from within. They broke down when they lost the strength of self-discipline and succumbed to softness."

The world needs a new civilisation of simplicity, sympathy and service,—the civilisation for which the great ones of humanity have worked age after age. Krishna and Buddha, Christ and Chaitanya, Nanak and Kabir bore witness to this civilisation in their songs and silence, their aspirations and activities. India built such a civilisation in the long ago. Today, we talk of freedom, but are unhappy. For our states are built in power and pride. We glorify greatness which is purchased with the yellow dust men call gold. We do not rejoice in the simplicities of life.

We run after economic and industrial gains. We have turned away from a life of self-denial and self-sacrifice, without which no nation can be truly strong and free.

"Men have succeeded in accumulating a great mass of objects," says Dostoevsky, "but the joy of life has grown less." To be truly happy, men must learn to detach themselves from creatures and objects. Live *in* the world, Dadaji urges, but be not *of* the world. There lies the secret of the true life, the life that is life indeed.

Thus lived Raja Janak. He was at once a king and a *brahmagnani*, a teacher of the wisdom that may not be had from books. And when, one day, a *fakir* comes to Raja Janak to learn of him the truths of life, the *fakir* is shocked at the grandeur and luxury in which the Raja dwells.

"How can I learn of this man who is steeped in luxury?" the *fakir* says to himself.

Just then is heard the cry that the king's palace is on fire. The king sits calm and unmoved. "Nothing that truly belongs to me can be burnt," he says. "For my wealth is within me!" But the *fakir* immediately rushes out of the room to see if his lion-cloth, which he had kept outside in the sun, is safe.

Raja Janak, living in comfort and grandeur, was detached. He was free from the sense of possession. The *fakir* had only a loin-cloth : but he was not free from craving.

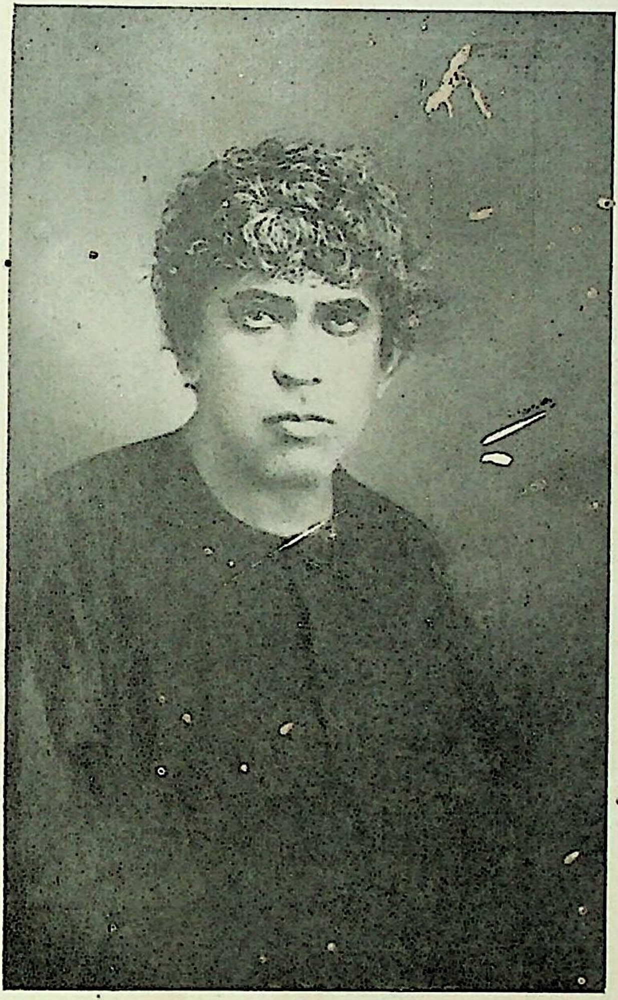
Live *in* the world but be not *of* the world,—is the thought emphasised by Beloved Dada in the following pages. Learn the lesson of detachment. Therefore, sit in silence, every day, and opening the windows of the *Atman*, "take in the breath of the true life,—the life of communion with the Spirit!"

The central thought of the fragments brought together in this book is that Heaven is hidden within us all. Therefore is the Kingdom of Heaven a living reality. The true joy of life is within you, O man! Why must you wander outside? The roots of our life are not here but in the infinite. So Beloved Dada says :—"In touch with the Infinite is your earthly life,—and your Home is the Infinite."

Our tragedy is just this,—we have strayed far from Home. It was a strange dream I dreamt, many years ago. I found myself in a forest. I had lost my way. I wept : I shed tears. I cried in agony :—"O Mother mine! Mother Divine! Show me the way. O lead the wanderer Home!" What happens? Beloved Dada appears out of nowhere and with his dawn-eyes he gazes at me. And laying his hand in blessing on my head, he says :—"My child! the Infinite is your Home!"

The Infinite is our Home. And just because we have lost contact with the Infinite, there is a feeling of loneliness, emptiness in our hearts, there is unrest in society, there is lovelessness among the nations. When in our daily life we shall bear witness to the truth that the Infinite is our Home, then daily activities will be filled with the fragrance of the spring-breeze and our bodies will become pure and radiant, vital and vibrant, our minds will be illuminated with wisdom, our hearts will glow with the beauty of God and our lives will be kindled with the light that casts no shadow,—the light of sympathy, compassion, love.

J. P. VASWANI



BELOVED DĀDĀJI
[Sri T. L. Vaswani]

Civilisation lies broken and bleeding. Its hope is in a Message of the Love that conquer hate.

—*T. L. Vaswani*

BELOVED DĀDĀJI

[Sri T. L. Vaswani]

Love life, and spread the sunshine of joy !

—*T. L. Vaswani*

THE PATH OF A PILGRIM

We all are pilgrims treading the Path of Life.

This Path has been preached by Krishna and Christ, Buddha and Zoroaster, Lao Tse and Confucius, Chaitanya, Kabir and Nanak,—by the world's Rishis and Saints, by all the Revealers of the Race of Man.

They all have taught that we must give up the pursuit of "shadows,"—the shadow-shapes which come and go.

It is often called the Path of Self-realisation. It is a difficult path,—"sharp as the edge of a razor," to quote the words of an Upanishad. And one treads the Path,—step by step.

The very first step is referred to as *viveka* or "awakening." *Viveka* comes when the seeker begins to apprehend,—very dimly, it may be,—that he must not identify himself with the body. The "Self," the *Atman*, is different from the body, the *sthula sarira* (the physical vehicle).

The body must not be neglected : the body has its claims which must not be ignored. The body is even as a musical instrument in the hands of a musician. Give your musician a broken instrument and the notes produced will be discordant. Even so, if you desire that your life is rich in music of the heart, see that your body is sound and strong and pure.

Do not ignore the claims of the body, but know that, there is a "Self" in you larger than your "brain-consciousness". The *Atman* is the larger Self : it is the Breath breathed into you by the Lord. We are immersed so much in things bearing upon the body that many of us have little time to develop the *Atman*-consciousness. We must awaken to the *Atman*, the Self : this awakening comes, one day,—though it comes to different men in different ways.

There be some who develop the *Atman*-consciousness through the longing to understand. That was the case with Sri Shankaracharya,—the great Thinker of India, one of the greatest Minds of Aryavarta, one of the greatest in the world! His soul was smitten with the desire to know. He had the longing to understand the Secret of Life. And as he went upon his quest, the quest of Knowledge, the *Atman*-consciousness developed within him, and he understood the truth that whatever we see,—the visible, the seen, the physical; the phenomenal,—is an expression of the Eternal Unseen. Whatever we see he called *māyā* : and *māyā*, he taught, was a "mask" of the One Reality, the *Atman*.

There be some, again, in whom the *Atman*-consciousness is developed through sympathy with others,—through an experience of suffering or sorrow. That was the case with the Prince who became the Buddha. He saw sights of suffering and his heart was smitten with anguish, and he left his father's palace, he left his wife and his new-born babe. He went upon his great quest. He sat, for years together, in meditation beneath the Bodhi Tree,—the Tree of Wisdom or Enlightenment.

So, in a variety of ways, the *Atman*-consciousness is developed in man. Sometimes, it may be, you have a look at the face of a *sādhu*, a pure soul, or a great teacher, an earnest seeker after God : and you see upon the face of such an one the stamp of purity, of calmness, of peace, and your *Atman*-consciousness is developed! You listen, perhaps, to a preacher, and he touches your heart-strings, and your *Atman*-consciousness awakes! Or you lose a beloved friend, some one you have loved, some one round whom you have woven countless associations of love and reverence, and your *Atman*-consciousness is developed.

You feel, sometimes, that the world-pressure upon you is so heavy that you cannot bear it : you shed tears of sorrow. And then you feel there is a new stir in your soul : you feel as if you have touched new depths of reality, and you wake up one morning a new man, a transformed man, a man in whom the *Atman*-consciousness is awake and shines with the light of the Spirit.

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BLESSED ARE THE PURE !

THE second step on the Path is that of *sādhana* or self-discipline.

When the awakening has come, the seeker desires to discipline himself.

The "Peace Chant" in the Upanishad begins with the words :—"May my senses grow in perfection!"

A strange declaration this,—you will say. Strange but true. For true mysticism is not asceticism.

The Upanishads teach no dismal asceticism, no arrogant pessimism. Over and over again, do the Upanishads sing :— "From Joy has proceeded all that is, and unto Joy shall all return."

The ancient seer sang in the fullness of joy, and in glad loving communion with flowers and forests and birds and waters and the wind and the many wonders of form and life which spend themselves in beauty and song.

The Rishi could hardly sympathise with the attitude of Suso fixing between his shoulders a wooden cross filled with spikes and bearing it "in honour of his crucified Lord!"

Lacerations of the body will not lead Godward. For the body is an element in self-realisation. The natural is not cut off from the spiritual. The senses are gates of knowledge.

The Buddhists have a beautiful theory that *sanskaras* build up the man : and *sanskaras* are produced by man's contact with his environment. So it was that in the ancient past, the student of religious knowledge (*Brahmavidya*) and the seekers after higher life were asked to observe *brahmacharya.* So were the senses trained : so was body built up strong and pure. How otherwise would it respond to higher vibrations and be a vehicle of the spiritual life of the universe?

The ancient Romans had in their mansions a vomitarium,—a sink outside the dressing room,—and the guests would go to the vomitarium to vomit what they ate and drank to excess and then returned to eat and drink again! Such habits must cause a decay of the senses.

The Rishi prayed that his senses might grow in perfection. And there is no growth in perfection without purity. That is the truth trampled upon by some of the gifted men of modern Europe who believe that "life is a kind of diffused sensuality,—a knowledge offered to all the senses, a substance good to smell, to touch, to eat." This "gospel" of "diffused sensuality" is one extreme, as contempt for the senses is another.

The senses must be pure. When they are either over-fed or starved, the result is weakness, disease, hallucinations. And Patanjali rightly urges that *yoga* is not to be taught to those whose bodies are unsound. Religion is health.

"May my senses grow in perfection!" And the very first sense mentioned is *vāk.*

Vāk is voice, utterance, sound, speech. It is that which makes inter-communion possible. It is the other side of thought.

Vāk must be purified if one would grow in the perfect life. Utter what you believe to be true. Stifle not the utterance, the sound of your soul,—by conventions, customs, fossilised traditions. Speak out the truth,—but not in bitterness. Purify your *vāk* by means of love : don't wound your brother's feelings. Is it that his form of worship does not appeal to you? Call him not an "idolator" on that account. But utter to him the highest in you in words of love, and your words will tell. Haven't you noted how the *vāk*, the speech, the word of a *bhakta*, a *sādhu*, a pure and lofty soul, comes with a special meaning to the heart? Such *vāk* is pure. It has *shabda shakti*. So it touches the chord of the heart. The soul vibrates in response and experiences joy.

Nor need this *vāk* be many words or any words at all. There are times when the soul speaks through silence.

So Buddha, when pestered with many questions concerning the world's constitution, spoke not and brought peace to many a struggling heart.

So Sri Chaitanya, when abused, spoke not, but by means of a silent utterance of the soul laid a mighty spell upon evil-doers and won them to the way of wisdom.

Never a servant of God but suffers much and says little, seeking through silence to touch the souls of others.

Of William Dent, a well-known Quaker, it is said:—"His face spoke of indwelling light and peace with all mankind. When words came, they were few and weighty." Fourteen miles would he drive to attend the Friends' meeting of worship. And at one such meeting, he rose and said, "God is Love,"—and then sat down again. But this three-word sermon created a profound impression. "No listener," we are told, "forgot the sermon."

Such men practise the presence of God. And they are silent before the Lord or only utter a few words He puts in their mouths.

Next to *vāk* is *prāna*. *Prāna*, too, must be purified if we would grow in perfection. *Prāna* is personified in the Vedas and is called Prajapati. It means "life-breath," "respiration." Often we control speech but not the vibrations of *prāna* : and we get bad dreams. So train yourself in the school of self-mastery, that your dream-state, your subconscious life, may also be good and pure.

Did you see Titian's "Christ at Emmaus?" How calm is the face of Christ! Christ did not talk much. But his *prāna* was so pure, so powerful, that he worked miracles. Jesus was a great healer of men because his *prāna* was pure. And men of prayer like George Muller have, even in our days, worked wonders because with purity of *prāna* they took counsel with the Soul of the universe : and ever the answer comes in accordance with our aspirations.

Next to *prāna* is *chakshu* which is interpreted as sight. If only we realised how many sins are due to sight! A volume could be written on "modern degradation through sight,"—degradation due to dances, balls, theatres, cinemas, caricatures, sensational novels.

There is the story of a Hindu devotee who plucked off his eyes and became sightless to escape the sins due to sight! Did not Blessed Jesus say :—"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it off"?

When the sense of sight is pure, no object is coveted and things are felt to be but passing apparitions of the One Glory. Nature then becomes a sense-symbolism and the visible a hint of the higher Glory. Things are theophanies : every form has its original in the Place-less World : and Beauty is a glimpse of the Beloved who invites us, through the things that are seen, to the threshold of His courtyard.

to commune with His Face covered with the Eternal Flame.

Next comes *shrotrah* : this, too, must be purified. *Shrotrah* means "hearing." To listen to gossip, idle talk, cruel criticism, is to indulge in sins due to hearing. The rule enjoined by India's *sādhus* is,—hear only the good concerning others. None is absolutely bad : each is fundamentally good. This is the higher optimism of the Hindu devotee. Man is made of his *sanskaras* : he is as his impressions are.

And so in books of the past we read how great was the value attached to hearing the Name of God. Even now the beggar in India solicits aid by singing the Name of God. And when Sri Chaitanya went upon his mission, the one method he followed was to wander from street to street and sing the Sacred Name.

So train yourself that you may hear the Harmony, the Great Word, of the Universe. So purify yourself that you may hear the message of the Universe. Genius is more than "capacity for taking pains." Genius is hearkening to Voices of life and nature.

The singers of the Upanishads heard the *mantras*, the *devavani*, "the Word" of the Shining Ones. For you, too, my brother! the Eternal has a voice or message, a word of power. For you, too, there is a call of the *Satguru*, the call of your Higher Self. Only rise above the assaults of the senses. And you will hear the Self of your "soul," and the strings of your heart, touched by the Unseen One, will burst into music, and you will hear nature utter the Name of the Beautiful One.

And then comes *bala*, which means "vital sense" or "bodily vigour". One of the saddest things in modern life is want of recognition of the sanctity of the vital force, the creative force in man. And what is the result? Confusion of *varnas*, weak bodies, premature deaths!

India cannot be great if Indian bodies are not strongly built. The bodily vigour, *bala*, must be used for the service of India. Religion is meant to build up manhood : and true manhood is ever ready to offer itself on the altar of service. Develop your bodily vigour. Use it in the service of man, and you will be as the bright gay grass, humble yet strong.

One by one the senses must be disciplined and thus prepared to assimilate the daily developing wonder of the world.

The secret of self-discipline is purity. Heart-purity,—not purity of outer action alone, but purity of motive, thought and impulse,—is the virtue the seeker must cultivate, if he is anxious to proceed on the Path.

As one of the Upanishads has declared, the knots of the heart must be snapped, the bars of desire must be broken; the heart must be pure!

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A FLOOD OF LIGHT

THEN comes the third step.

After the seeker has subjected himself to a process of discipline, after he has developed heart-purity, he finds that there descends upon his soul a flood of light, and he feels interior joy.

He begins to realise the truth that God is with us and within us.

The seeker finds he can worship for a long time. He finds he can meditate on the Divine Mystery for hours together and not be tired.

He does not simply take an interest in religion as so many of us ordinarily do, but he experiences joy in the pursuit of religious life.

His meditation enriches his life. And in the fullness of joy, he sings the Name of God and adores the Lord with tears in his eyes.

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THE DARK NIGHT

THEN comes the fourth step.

The Light seems to retreat. God seems to withdraw Himself. The seeker is filled with anguish : he seems to enter a realm of "darkness." He cries with a piteous cry :—"O Lord! where art Thou?"

He cries, again and again : he receives no response! He hears no voice of answering love. He knows not that it is for his good that the Eternal God hath concealed Himself.

Once he experienced the joy of spiritual life : then he thought religion would always and altogether be a matter of joy. He is mistaken. He needs must learn the truth that none is allowed to stay in the Holy Temple who is anxious only to experience joy. The religion of joy must be supplemented by a religion of suffering.

When this period of darkness envelopes the seeker, he is tempted even to renounce the Path altogether. Many there be who do renounce spiritual life when they have to face difficulties : they are not prepared to enter the realm of darkness.

One day, when the clouds have passed away, he realises that the "darkness" was God's *prasāda* (gift) to the pilgrim. In "darkness" he has a closer fellowship with the Lord. Through suffering he is enabled to practise the "*andhakār yoga*," the *yoga* of darkness.

It is then that he develops a child-attitude, an attitude of faith. Once he, the seeker, saw the splendour of the sun. In the day of darkness, he learns to say to himself :—"The Sun existeth still : only a cloud has come in between me and the Eternal Light!" Recalling his past experiences, he leans as a child on the Lord and says:—"Master! though Thou slay me, yet must I trust in Thee!"

This is the attitude of *shraddhā*,—faith. Without it none may expect to make progress along the Path. A true *sādhu*, a true believer, a true *bhakta* (lover), cried-out of the fullness of his faith amid a host of trials :—"What the Beloved desires must, also, be the desire of my heart!"

The man of faith sees a purpose in all the pains of nature, in all the toils of life. He knows that nothing good is lost, that not one aspiration for the Life Divine is destroyed, that every trouble is a messenger from the Beloved, that every pain trains the eye of the soul to behold the beauty of Life's secret,—the Wonder of the All-Love.

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THE STRIPPING OF THE SOUL

YET another step,—the fifth,—must be taken.

Physical suffering is trying, sometimes agonising : but something yet more trying must be encountered by the seeker.

It is referred to in the books as *vastra-haran*,—the "stripping" of the soul. The seeker must stand "naked" before the Lord. The seeker must be stripped of his senses, *manas* (mind) and desires (*trisna*).

The Lord of Love seems to be still more "cruel." The pilgrim must take the sixth step : he must suffer anguish of death itself. He must not simply give up his senses, his *manas* (mind) and his pride : he must, also, renounce his will. Self-will must be crushed : self-crucifixion must be experienced.

This self-annihilation is more than passive self-surrender. To retain peace in the midst of pain is the secret of annihilation. Often we renounce our wills because we cannot help doing so : we surrender ourselves to others because we find they are stronger, mightier than we. But to harbour not a single thought of ill-will against those who come to smite and slay you, and to feel that your heart is calm, is filled with a strange peace,—this is to practise self-annihilation in daily life.

There is a touching story set forth in a novel by the great Russian writer, Dostoevsky. He imagines that Jesus is come back to this earth-plane : and, on coming back, He finds not faith among men. His teachings have been misunderstood. The fair, beauteous face of Truth has been distorted. The Master's message is massacred in the house of those who confess His Name. But He goes about doing good. He proclaims the truths He once had taught.

He finds that the great masses, the poor, the penitent sinners, give the answer of love to His message. But those in authority have launched a campaign against Him. They understand Him not. They have lost themselves in pursuit of the things of the earth which are antagonistic to the life of the Spirit.

The world's "great ones" combine against Him : after a mock-trial the judgment is delivered that He is an enemy of faith and must be burnt to death! The "leader" communicates to the Great Teacher the judgment and asks him to be ready for the funeral pyre.

Jesus is meek and calm and silent as ever are the great ones of the spiritual world. Jesus follows the priest and, a little before mounting the funeral pyre, Jesus draws nigh to the priest. With a divine smile lighting up His lips, Jesus kisses the priest and enters the fire!

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MUKTI IS SHARING

THE seeker accepts Death. And then : what then ?

He listens to the music of the Lord. And even as he listens to the notes of the Music that comes from the Eternal, he understands that he never trod the Path alone, that every encouragement he experienced in his trial-period, every stimulus to higher life, every noble aspiration, was really due to the wondrous notes which proceeded from the Song of the Lord.

Then he understands that the Lord has been by him as his Unseen Guide all along the path of pilgrimage,—that if he has sought the Lord, it is because the Lord has sought him, has pursued him with love from the beginning of his days. So true it is that the Eternal is the Lover of the human heart.

Then, also, the seeker finds that the Lord gives back what He took from him : only, the things which are returned are now transformed, beautified, changed into something rich and fair. The "senses" return to the seeker, but every sense is now an avenue of a new beauty. The "mind" is returned, but so illuminated with wisdom that when he sees the universe he finds it charged, through and through, with the glory of a growing purpose. "Desires" are transformed into aspiration and longing for the only Love. Will comes back; but it is no longer capricious, fitful, appetite-ridden : it becomes a new will,—strong, steady, vigorous, in harmony with the one Living Will of the universe. Then the pilgrim experiences a joy which is the very consummation of self-donation to the Lord,—the rapture of self-renunciation.

With this rapture in his heart he well may come back to the earth-plane,—back to suffering, struggling humanity, back to those who cry and weep and mourn and yearn for a vision of the Ancient Beauty. He returns to share with them his joy. This is *mukti*, self-realisation,—sharing with others the joy of the Eternal. In this service, he mingles with "matter" but remains above the taint of *karma*.

O my friends! civilisation is being hurled back to barbarism. The vision of true freedom is being drowned in violence. Freedom is not in the shouts of armies and the clamour of crowds : freedom is in the life of the Spirit. It is a life which may mean poverty and pain. But this poverty enriches, this pain becomes a power of service.

The nations need witness-bearers to the truth that in freedom from greed and pride is the true freedom of a people, that in the self-giving which multiplies the joy of humanity is the power and glory of civilisation. The nations need world-patriots,—thinkers and artists, poets, preachers and statesmen,—who would lift individuals and states beyond the exclusively national to the Universal, beyond race-pride to a World-vision,—the vision of Divine Humanity.

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SEERS OF THE SECRET

WHO is a seer?

He who looks out and sees God. Meditation is so natural to him. His ego is dead. His *Atman* has without effort found his Home in the Spirit, in God.

"Many are called but few are chosen," said Jesus. The seer is one of the few. In his heart is a vision of the Divine. He communes with the Spirit in the Heart. He experiences bliss, joy ascending. The great German poet-seer hath well said :—

From all things, from star and star-dust
Streams out the joy of life :
And the Peace of God is lying
At the heart of all the strife.

He, the seer, looks out and sees God. He has what Kabir calls *sahaj samadhi*, the effortless *samadhi*, the effortless communion by day and by night. The seer lives in this communion with the Higher. He meets the Spirit in the *depths* of life, not, as most of us do, at the surface.

I have known scholars in East and West, professors, writers, authors of books. They are busy with what most of them know are but collections, news, views, information. Their emphasis is on *widening* the surface. They have not the aspiration to plumb the *depths* of life. The seer goes into the depths within himself and communes with the Life Divine.

In the East and in the West, there have been men and women, not versed in worldly knowledge, but truly charged with the one Knowledge that really matters, the Knowledge of the Secret of losing themselves in the life of the Spirit.

Unknown to scholars, the Secret has revealed itself to shepherds and shopkeepers, to cowherds, cooks and cobblers, to weavers and what many have called "idle singers". They have learnt to annihilate the mind, the little self, the ego, "I". They have touched the depths of life, and they have been enriched with an experience of the Realm of the Spirit above the body, above the mind. They have turned inward. They have heard the Word, the Name, the *Shabda* within. They have borne testimony to the truth that the *Nāma*, the Word, is in every atom, in everything, in every orb and circle and round of evolution.

Men absorbed, alas! in the phenomenal life live in forgetfulness of the True, the Good, the Holy, the Beautiful. Between man and God are the veils of the body and the ego. One by one, when the veils go, the Beloved is revealed.

One of the greatest seers was Kabir. He was a weaver and had little knowledge of books. But he saw the Secret. Raidas mended shoes. Tukaram was a shopkeeper. But they were Children of Grace. They sang and taught out of interior Illumination.

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"I SEE NOTHING BUT GOD!"

A BOY of tender years asks, one day, his father :—"Can I see God?"

"No," says the father.

The boy sheds tears. He feels lonely. He goes out and wanders in the woods. He watches the birds building their nests. He gazes at the trees. He looks up through the branches still longing to see God. Days pass by. Summer comes again. And he meets an old, illiterate man. The boy becomes his friend.

One day, the father of the boy asks him :—"How are you spending your time?"

The boy says :—"Father! I have a friend in an old man. He is not a man of books. He is simple and quiet. He eats little. Last evening, he took me in his boat. The sun was setting. He gazed at the setting sun and his eyes were touched with tears."

"And then?" asks the father.

The boy says :—"Father! then I went nigh to the old man. He was silent, gazing at the setting sun. And I went yet nearer. And I touched his arm and said to him :—'I would not ask anybody else the question I ask of you again.' "

"And then?" asks the father.

The boy says :—"Father! the old man said nothing.

His eyes were still fixed on the setting sun. And I pressed the question :—'Can I know the Secret? Can I see God?'

"No answer! I then pulled at the old man's shirt and I asked :—'Won't you tell me if I can know the Secret?' Then, the old man turned to me his tear-filled eyes. I saw, father! that his face was radiant with a strange, mystic light. And he said quietly :—'My child! I see nothing but God, the Secret of all that is!' "

That simple old man was a seer. In his words was the thrill, the rapture of a seer :—"I see nothing but God, the Secret of all that is!"

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WHAT IS LIFE?

"WHAT is Life?" asked a brother. And he was in the midst of a group.

An old man answered :—"Life! 'Tis no better than froth and bubble." His dreams of youth had been dashed to the ground.

Quick came a young man's answer :—"Life is a dance." But all the dance of excitement ends in exhaustion, in emptiness.

A College young man quoting from Shelley said :—"Life is a painted veil." But is it all paint and varnish? Is there nothing beyond the veil? Is there not something deep, profound, a mystery,—at the core of life?

Shakespeare had the wisdom of experience. He said :—"Life is a shuttle." But what is it we weave in the shuttle?

"Life is but thought", said Coleridge. Yes,—but is there not more than thought in the travail of life?

The sacred Upanishad saith :—God is Life. And man is an organ of Life, the God-life. Therefore life is not a dream, not a mockery, not a tragedy,—in the long run. Therefore life is not a bubble, nor a shadow, nor *maya*.

Life is a gift of God. And God's gifts are beautiful, are wonderful, are divine.

This life is meant to link you with the Deeper Life, the God-Life. It is within you!

Go into yourself deeper and deeper. You will touch Love at last. And Love is at the heart of life,—Love and Purpose.

Life is a mission,—said Mazzini. Your life's mission is to reflect Love.

"When, O Krishna! when will you come back to us!" cried the *gopis* when the Master vanished to Mathura. And the Lord sent them this one message through a *gopi* :— "Back to you I shall come, but on this one condition that ye re-kindle the light of Love!".

Life is light,—the Light of Love. Kindle it in your hearts. Spread it around you. And you will be a painter of rare power and insight. You will make many lives beautiful,—beautiful and luminous. You will break into the poet's song :—"O God! how lovely still is life!"

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THE IMPRISONED LIGHT

TODAY the world's unrest is deepening. Civilisation is sinking. Forces of chaos are at work. I ask all to meditate on Krishna and Buddha and Jesus,—the three Great Brothers of Humanity.

All the three gave the supreme message of love and harmony.

I ask you all to send out thoughts of love to all,—to all communities, to all nations, all races, all religions, all creatures,—men and birds and beasts.

Let us pray a prayer for world-harmony.

Never before was the world's need so piteous. India suffers from discord and strife. And the nations of Europe are smitten with hate.

If we bear witness to the Ancient Wisdom, let us breathe out loving thoughts to all.

Reichenbach,—a German student of science,—announced, many years ago, a beautiful theory. According to it, every material object shines. Cotten, wool, iron,—every thing emits light. Even the stones are luminous!

I love to think that we live in a world of "shining matter". Everything emits light!

What of us? Have not we, also, a light? But it is imprisoned,—the light of love.

We carry with us a glory, a splendour. But it is shut-in, not set free!

Let us set free the imprisoned light within us!

Let us save civilisation!

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A SUDRA SAINT

There are some in whom the spirit is awake as electric light.

One of them was a man who lived centuries ago. His name was Chokha. He was poor. He had deep love for Sri Krishna.

They of the superior caste drove this poor man out of the Krishna Temple. Chokha went to the other side of the river and, on the river-bank, built a little cottage and dedicated it as Krishna Mandir.

Chokha was a true servant of the people. He loved the poor. A wall had to be raised. He worked as a labourer. The wall fell down. He was crushed.

Chokha died in the service of the town. But he had passed on his message to some. He did not confound religion with caste. He said :—"God asks of a man not his caste, but only if there is love in the man's heart. Lord! Grant me love!"

There is a world of thought in these few simple words. The true servants of God and men believe in brotherhood, not caste. In their hearts is love. And where love is, there is God.

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THE AWAKENED ONES

WHO may unveil the Mystery of the *Atman?*

He hath descended on you from a Realm Ineffable, but in the case of many, indeed, the *Atman* lies hidden for a long time. For they are dominated by the "desire-self," by appetites and allurements of the flesh. And the *Atman* is held within the strong cage of the "ego", "I", until the hour of the *Atman's* ascent to his Home draws nigh,—the hour of the *Atman*'s release when, aware once more of the Hidden Things, he may re-sing the song of thanksgiving and joy, the song of communion with the One, the Pure, the Single Truth, the Spirit Divine.

Who may unveil the Mystery of the sudden awakening of the *Atman?* Think of Francis. For years he lives in forgetfulness. He returns from the war a changed man. No longer does he move among his former comrades. A rich merchant's son, he suddenly embraces a life of poverty and *tapasya.* Wonderful are the ways of the *Atman's* return to his Home of Truth and Love.

Think of the Eastern saint, Chaitanya. He goes to Gaya. He has won in his intellectual disputations with a famous *pandit* (theological scholar). Suddenly, the Soul, the *Atman,* in Chaitanya awakes. Suddenly, he hears Krishna's call. Suddenly, Chaitanya's heart is flooded with interior illumination. He returns to Navadwipa a changed man. The scholar becomes a saint. The professor of logic becomes a Krishna-intoxicated prophet of love.

Think, too, of another, a true mystic,—Dharnidas. He is the manager of a big *zemindari* of his master. One day, Dharnidas suddenly pours out water from a vessel. His master interrupts Dharnidas, saying :—"Why are you pouring out water?"

Dharnidas is silent. In deep silence has *Atman* in him suddenly awakened. Dharnidas' master is angry and calls him a madcap.

Then Dharnidas says :—"I poured out water, sir! to put out the fire."

"Which fire?" asks his master.

"An *arati* (worship) was being offered to Jagannath (the Lord)," Dharnidas says, "and I suddenly found His clothes catching fire and I poured out water to put out the fire!"

Is not Jagannath,—the World Master,—within us? And are not our bodies His garments? They catch fire when pride or passion invades us. The water to put out the fire is a symbol of the mystic Name,—*Nāma*,—of the Lord.

But the rich master of Dharnidas understands not. He smiles in superior contempt. Then Dharnidas gets up to go, muttering to himself the unforgettable words :—"No longer for thee is this life of glamour and greatness. Thy *Atman* has emerged,—awake! Thou hast found the treasure of *Rāma-Nāma!*"

His master presses him to stay. No,—the *Atman* hath awakened in Dharnidas. His master offers him money and lands. Dharnidas accepts nothing. He realises that the goods of the earth are empty at the core. The Good of goods is *Rāma-Nāma*,—the Name of the Lord.

The *Atman* awakened works wonders, every day. Even thieves, on seeing Dharnidas, fall at his feet, abandon their evil ways and become servants and singers of God. Dharnidas exclaims,—and in every word is the lyric cry of the awakened soul :—

Many days have I wandered in foreign lands,
Far apart from Him, the Beloved of my heart.
Many weary days have I spent :
Blessed, blessed is today,—
For today cometh to me His message of Love!

Blessed, indeed, is the hour when the *Atman* awakes and is seen unveiled. In this hour is the "Wonder" of the *Atman* revealed in its richness and beauty undimmed.

And when the *Atman* awakes, this truth is realised that the *Atman* is truly free when, disengaged from earthly trammels, he moves on to meet his long lost Beloved. As the reed, torn from the brook, cries in separation, so the soul cries in longing for the Lord, and is not happy until he returns to the Light Divine. Through stages doth the soul pass until he reaches the final stage of unity,—the stage of divine beatitude.

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THE MYSTERY OF MYSELF

THERE is wisdom in the answers of the Rishi of Miletus (one of the Seven Sages of ancient Greece) to the sophist's questions.

Asked as to who was the most ancient, the oldest of all, the Rishi said :—"The most ancient is God!"

"And what is the most beautiful ?" The Rishi answered :—"The Cosmos." The Cosmos, indeed, is the very pattern of Order and Law.

"What is the greatest of all things?" And the Rishi said :—"Space!" In space are contained all things.

"And what is the most constant?" The Rishi of Miletus said :—"Hope". Hope remains even when other things pass away.

"And the best of all things?" And he answered :—"Virtue." Virtue corresponds to the Indian concept of *dharma*. *Dharma* is what "holds", "regulates" and "rejuvenates".

"What is the quickest of all things?" And the Rishi said :—"Thought." Thought travels quicker than light.

"And what is the strongest of all?" And the Sage said :—"Necessity !"

"What is the easiest of all things?" "To give advice!"

"And what is the most difficult of all things?" To which the Rishi answered :—"To know thyself!"

How true ! Let every one ask :—"Who am I ?" And to explore the mystery of myself should be the foremost pursuit of my life.

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KNOW THYSELF !

KNOW thyself !

You are of the Kingdom of Krishna!

This Knowledge of the *Atman* is not an intellectual conception, nor a philosophy of the world. It is a *realisation*,—a communion with the Eternal. This communion is called *gnana* : and *gnana* radiates light,—in silence.

The Wisdom of the *Atman* is profound. But it is not intellectually attained. Wisdom is intuited, not conceptually formulated. The soul communes with Truth when the intellect, the imagination and the will enter into silence.

In silence ask yourself :—"Who am I?" Try to withdraw the veils, veil after veil, until you behold Krishna, your Lord and your Brother : and you speak each to the other.

Truly happy you feel when you realise that you are an *Atman*. Your form is fleeting, transient. And all happiness which you build in forms,—in money, honours, human love,—is fleeting. All form-happiness is a "ray" that cometh from the Light only to depart. From form to form you migrate in search of the true *sukkha*,—the bliss that you never have in things of the earth.

Your *sukkha* is in communion with the *Parama Purusha*, the Self that is Eternal and Abiding.

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TRUE EDUCATION

I HAVE met peasants and learnt of them more than many university men. In some, indeed, of these simple little folk, I have seen the light of true education. Schools and colleges often shut out the light.

True education has some fundamental notes. They are :—

(1) Sympathy :—True knowledge is sympathy. The word "brother" means "burden-bearer."

(2) Simplicity :—Love of manual labour is declining. We are entangled in fashion. Love of luxury is undermining the health and strength of students. How many of them are prepared to wash their own kitchen-vessels, as did the students in the *ashramas* of old? Washing the plate is not less honcurable than playing at tennis or playing on the harmonium.

(3) Sacrifice :—To give is better than to get. Many of the "educated" persons have no other thought than that of rupees. To be a money-making machine is the ambition of many. Very, very few know of the joy of giving, the joy of self-sacrifice.

(4) Spiritual aspirations :—Many of the college students, today, speak of "atheism" in the name of "science". Not so spoke highly educated devotees of science. To Einstien and Eddington, Sir James Jeans and Sir Oliver Lodge science was not anti-religious. Science deeply studied is seen to be a revelation of the Spirit, and Nature is a witness to the Presense of a "Mathematical Thinker" of the Universe. There is a Spirit in and beyond the stars. A School without a spiritual aspiration is an absurdity.

THE CALL OF THE GITA

THE central word in the Gita is *Yoga.*

What is *yoga?*

Different answers to the question are given us in different *slokas* in the Gita.

In the second *adhyaya* (chapter) the Master says to his beloved disciple, Arjuna :—"*Yoga* is *samatva*".

What is *samatva?* Harmony.

Yoga *is* harmony. The *yogi* is a man of harmony.

"Strive after harmony!" says Sri Krishna to Arjuna. Be in tune with the centre of harmony.

The earth-plane on which we live and move is a plane of friction. The earth-life is full of conflicts and contradictions. Strive after harmony, O Arjuna! The true life is the life of balance.

In success and failure, in sunshine and rain, in prosperity and adversity, be at peace with the world and with yourself, O Arjuna!

Have a sense of harmony within you,—in the flux of things.

To touch the centre of harmony,—that is *yoga!*

The true *yogi* is a man of harmony. He has found peace within himself. He has no ill-will, no hate against any.

Some will praise thee, some will hate thee, Arjuna! Be attuned to the centre of harmony! Hate thou none! Give thy love to all!

Therefore, too, rise above the allurement of interested action,—the action infected with selfishness. Renounce the fruit of action. Act, act, offering thy actions as a sacrifice to God.

Men are busy, active, very active. But their activity is very often glorified self-interest, organised selfishness. Therefore are so many unhappy. Fredrick the Great of Russia was one of the heroes of Carlyle. And Fredrick said :—"I have been unhappy all my life !"

Great men are greatly unhappy. They are active but do not know the joy of life.

Joy is self-offering to the Lord. Joy is in dedicated life.

[*From an Address on the Nuwara Eliya Hills, Ceylon*]

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THE COMING EPOCH

THE sin of Greek civilisation was slavery of almost half the people. Greek patriotism was that of a 'privileged' class, and carried within it the seed of its death.

The sin of Roman civilisation was imperialism. It rested on military force and so, inevitably, crumbled to its fall.

The sin of modern civilisation is unethical industrialism which, inevitably, results in slavery of the poor. The age we live in is an age of machinery. Machinery brings with it the factory-system. This, doubtless, means production on a large scale and much wealth. But this "wealth" is but another form of inequality,—inequality of possession. Hence the deep unrest of today. Much wealth is produced, but it is not ethically distributed; it is not shared with the multitudes. A brotherly civilisation alone can endure and expand. For it alone is a healthy organism. Class-rule and mass-slavery are symptoms of disease.

The coming epoch cannot be led by a Cromwell. Nor by Napoleon. The coming epoch belongs to the Spirit of Krishna, Buddha, Christ. The deepest in the Universe must be interpreted in terms not of brute force but of truth and love.

It cannot be that the Logos hath forsaken the world. Yet surveying the world-situation, I confess, I feel, sometimes, so lonely. And a voice within me speaks :—"How long, O Lord?"

How long will the nations wander in the night, wander in *avidya?* How long will they continue to be harsh to the poor and humble?

In the First World War, a German airman bombed a French hospital camp. One of the airmen crashed was wounded and carried into the French hospital. A French nurse asked him why he took part in the raid. He laughed and said :—"Where there's a light, there is life. We are out to destroy all life." Some hours later, he heard the sound of an aeroplane coming to bomb the hospital. He crawled under his cot and died of terror! Here is a picture of current civilisation :—"We are out to destroy all life!"

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A NEW CIVILISATION

The need of the nations is not mere reconstruction but regeneration.

To battle nobly against poverty itself, we must battle against egotism and moral disorder.

Europe's socialism is a socio-political creed. The Rishis glimpsed a truth greater than socialism,—the truth of brotherhood, the truth of solidarity, the truth that there is but "One Life in all."

Tolstoy glimpses this truth and voices it in his story of the rich man whose servant was Nikita. The two march through fog and ice, the master taking to himself all the fur and clothing,—leaving nothing for Nikita.

Poor Nikita is shivering in the cold. "I am dying," he says to his master; "give my wages to my little lad or my wife......I am dying! Pardon me for Christ's sake!"

And now the master's heart is touched! The master,—Vassili is his name,—now begins to shake off the snow from Nikita's body. Vassili, overcome with compassion, says :—"You talk of dying! I shall not let you die. You lie still and grow warm, and me......"

Vassili is prepared to die : he must save Nikita. Vassili covers Nikita with fur and clothing. Tears trickle down Vassili's cheeks; tears choke him. He feels happy,—his one anxiety now is to protect Nikita.

"Nikita is alive!" he says to himself joyfully. He feels he himself is Nikita : he feels that One Life belongs to both.

This is one of Asia's intuitions. To this has Asia borne witness through the ages.

The modern nations need the inspiration of this Asian teaching. Then may they know that man is not, essentially, a fighting animal but a citizen of the Kingdom of Souls.

The dominating motives of the current civilisation are external, commercial, placing utility above truth, nation above humanity, diplomacy above morality, the interests of the actual above the demand of the ideal. The only chance for a New Civilisation is in a change of heart,—a new appreciation of life's inner values.

A civilisation may expand ever so much, but if there be emptiness at its centre, if it is not enriched with the truths of the inner life, it is as a soap-bubble which breaks.

Europe has studied phenomenal nature. Europe has emphasised the value of national interests. But science and nation-cults, when uncontrolled by a vision of the Kingdom of Souls, a sense of the *maitri*, of man's spiritual unity, become only cults of power and pride.

To this vision of the One Life, the vision of the Eternal *Purusha* in all, India's prophets and sages have borne witness through the ages. In a return of this Vision to modern life is the hope of a New Culture and a New Civilisation.

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THE BOATMAN DIVINE

WITH blessings untold is our life enriched if we sit at the feet of a *satguru*, a seer. For he is a compassionate one.

He wakes us and gives us a lamp to tread the Path. He dispels our darkness and opens our ears so that the very deaf in our midst may hear. And he opens our tongue so that the dumb in our midst may speak.

He teaches the Name,—*Nāma*,—of unspeakable beauty.

He transforms our senses and our mind. He purifies and illumines our heart.

And taking us, step by step, on the Path, he unites the souls with the Spirit Divine. Yes,—he leads us to the Other Shore. He is the Boatman Divine.

He has entered into the Light, but he chooses to stay by his brothers and sisters in the dark as a servant and helper of humanity. Out of him floweth a stream of light which is for the service and healing of many.

Blessed is the man who hath in his search found, at last, such a seer. The seeker, who has found a true *tatwadarshinah*, breathes out the aspiration enshrined in the inspired words of a modern mystic :—

Keep me, today, in sheltering flame,
O Master of the Hidden Fire!
Wash pure my heart
And cleanse my soul of desire!
In flame of sunrise be Thou my Guide,
That all my life clear-eyed may be,
O Master of the Hidden Fire!

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THE WISDOM OF THE RISHIS

THE Rishis belong not to India alone. In every religion, in every age, in East as in West, have the Rishis appeared,—the true Supermen of history,—men who have realised the harmony of culture and religion. The Rishis are the real key to history. And in a new, vital, creative co-operation with the wisdom of the Rishis is the hope of India,—ancient and gifted but today, alas! a bewildered, broken nation.

The essence of this wisdom is enshrined in this wonderful prayer :—

Asato mā sad gamaya
Tamaso mā jyotir gamaya
Mrityor mā 'mritam gamaya

Through untruth lead me into Truth!
Through darkness lead me into the Light!
Through death lead me into Deathlessness!

Satyam (Truth), *Jyoti* (Light), and *Amritam* (Deathlessness) are, to my mind, the three fundamental notes of India's quest through the ages. *Satyam*, Truth, is what abides, the Abiding World. *Tamas* is darkness,—the darkness of desires. Out of the darkness of desires the Rishi aspires to go into the Kingdom of Light.

The Heart of India has been in search of a Culture of Light. Who have been the builders and real leaders of her destiny, age after age? Her Rishis and Saints, her seers and sages.

In one of the ancient books we read of one such sage,—Yagnavalkya. He meets his well-beloved wife, Maitreyi, and says to her :—"I go!"

"Whither goest thou, leaving me?" Maitreyi asks.

And Yagnavalkya says :—"I go in quest!"

"In quest of what?"

"Beloved!" says the Sage, "as out of the trumpet are many sounds, so the many shifting things of life, human sciences and arts, all, all are out of the One Eternal Self,—*Atman*. I go to meditate on the *Atman*."

The *Atman* is the word emphasised over and over again. Every one of the great ones of India has borne witness to this quest of the *Atman*. Not many of the modern educated may know of the Universities and educational institutions in ancient India, rich in learning, permeated with the true spirit of scholarship. They were also called *ashramas*. India, in the time of which I am speaking, had a net-work of *ashramas*. In them the emphasis was on the *Atman*, the culture of the Soul.

In a story we read of a student who comes to his Rishi-master. "Tell me what is the *Atman*," the student asks. And the Master asks him to go and meditate. Today, when a student brings up a question, the teacher often refers him to some books. Our method of education is so different from the ancient method of meditation. Yet right education is something more than memorisation. Right education is development from within. It is an internalisation process. The Rishi says to the student :—"Go and meditate!"

The student goes into silence, and after sometime comes with the answer :—"The *Atman* is *anna*." *Anna*, food, is a symbol of Matter. What is the *Atman?* The first natural answer is :—Matter! Materialism, too, has its place in spiritual evolution. Materialism is a stage in the growth of the soul. On a deeper analysis, on a clearer reflection, matter itself is seen to be a centre of forces. So when the student comes to the Rishi with the answer, "The *Atman* is *anna*," the Rishi says :—"Go and meditate!"

After sometime, the young man comes back with the answer :—"The *Atman* is *prāna*". *Prāna* is energy. Round about us play many forces. This view of *Atman* as *prāna*, centre of forces, is surely better than the static view of life that the *Atman* is *anna* : but this, too, is inadequate. And so the Rishi asks the young man for the third time :—"Go and meditate!"

The student goes and meditates, and after sometime comes back with the answer :—"Master! the *Atman* is *manas*." Surely mere matter cannot account for the universe. Pure matter is pure nothing. Nor can mere forces account for the universe : there must be a rational principle behind these forces. Rightly does Sir James Jeans say :—"The world has a mathematical Thinker." The *Atman* is mind. Yes! But there is something higher, richer, than the *manas*. And so once again the Rishi asks the youngman to go and meditate. And the youngman returns after sometime. "Master!" he says, "the *Atman* is *ananda*, bliss, joy."

This great vision has come to the great ones. The universe is come out of the heart of joy, *ananda*. Often is this forgotten in the tumult of the world. But true it is that out of *ananda* are we come, and until we go back to *ananda*, joy, our quest is unfulfilled.

"MAY MY NAME BE FORGOTTEN!"

I CANNOT claim for me the label of any particular Samaj or Church. Like some of the *bhikkus* of old, I may say I have "gone from home to homelessness". In my heart is a vision of a *Sangha*, a Fraternity of the Spirit. Organised religions, with their emphasis on outer forms and creeds, have become organisations of power more than instruments of service or aids to self-realisation? And how often have not organised religions quarrelled with one another?

The modern world's urgent need is a simple inner movement of the Spirit, with its message of harmony of religions, and brotherhood of humanity, and love for man and bird and beast. Religion is *yoga* or unity,—the *yoga* of science with faith, of knowledge with character, of nationality with humanity. Religion is the *yoga* of life with love.

One aspect of this *yoga* is control of *chit*, mind. Mind-control is one aspect of *yoga*. And *yoga*, also, means subdual of desires. Religion calls us to *ananda*. And to enter into *ananda*, we must be impersonal.

So in that great book of Hindu culture, the *Bhagavad Gita*, Sri Krishna asks Arjuna to renounce the "fruits" of action. Work thou as an instrument of the Lord. Make thy actions an offering to the Lord. Men are unhappy and will continue to be unhappy as long as their works are vitiated with egoism. Spirituality is non-egoism. The call of religion is a call to impersonal activity.

There is a story of an artist who painted wonderful pictures. A friend asks him, what is the secret of his wonderful art. The artist shows a picture and requests his friend to read the words written beneath the picture :—"Master! may this picture draw many unto Thee, but may my name be forgotten!" I know of no nobler aspiration than this.

Every one of us is a painter of pictures : we are painting pictures everyday. And the pictures will be beautiful when within our heart will flame up this aspiration of the artist :—"Master! may the picture draw many unto Thee, but may my name be forgotten!"

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A YOUNG DISCIPLE OF KRISHNA

At the feet of the Guru, we shall learn one of the greatest lessons of life,—the service of love.

The true disciple serves his Guru and, gradually, learns to see in others an image of his Guru.

So, the disciple, in serving the poor and needy, realises what it is to serve the Guru : and in his service there is progress from joy to joy, and there is no room for pride or self-consciousness.

"On whatever road men approach Me," says Krishna, "on that I go to meet them!"

Children of God are we all,—men of faith and unfaith, men of diverse religions and no religion, believers and unbelievers. So, in daily life does God come to greet us. And in the service of the poor, broken ones, no matter what their religion, society, denomination or creed may be, He, the Lord Himself, comes to bless us unendingly.

Religion is sharing. "He who cooks only for himself is a thief!" says the *Gita*. "Give! Share!" is the truth we all need to express in our daily life. He who does not share, does not give to others in need,—he sins against Lakshmi : he crucifies the Goddess of Wealth. The true disciples of Krishna or Christ, of Buddha or Zoroaster, of Muhammad or Nanak, have, alike in East and West, borne testimony to the truth that life is compassion and love.

Of one such true disciple of Krishna I read a short while ago. He blessed the soil of India. He was born in a rich family. He was a young man when his father died, leaving much wealth behind. "He takes nothing with himself," said this young man to himself; "my father leaves all his wealth behind him. What shall I do with this money?"

This thought the young man revolves in his mind, again and again. He sees more and more that the world we live in is one of suffering and pain. At last, he decides to give away all his money to the poor. He calls poverty his bride, and he flees from the tyranny of things. "I belong," he says, "to the Kingdom of Krishna." And he dedicates his life to the service of Krishna. He sees the beauty of the simple life. He gives up ambition. He renounces all thought of reputation and greatness.

He goes to the Himalayas. There, in the seclusion of mountain-heights, he learns to meditate on Krishna, more and more. One blessed day, he beholds the beauty of the Lord in his heart. He listens to the songs of the birds and the voices of "dumb", no longer dumb to him. "Krishna! Krishna! Krishna!" he cries. He sees Krishna in all creatures, in the cow and the elephant, in the dog and the goat, in the pig and the horse : and in the insect on the ground and the fish in the sea, he still sees his Lord, Sri Krishna.

His inner eye is opened. He finds there is no room in his heart for spite or hate. His heart is cleansed. Dante, the great poet of Italy, learnt to forgive all when his heart had been purified by the benedictions of Beatrice. A greater than she hath filled the heart of this young man.

Suddenly, he sees illumination in his heart. And he comes back from the Himalayas to the plains below. He comes back with infinite love and compassion in his heart for all that lives. And he moves from place to place to serve the suffering ones. He knocks at the cottages of the widows and gives them food and clothes. He gives not merely material things but, also, spiritual treasures of his heart to all who have a longing in their hearts. And to everyone he says :—"Bless me!" To the hungry he gives food to eat : to the naked he gives clothes to wear : and he gives medicine to the sick. He sings from Krishna's Scripture of Healing. He has glimpsed the beauty of the one Religion which is radiant in all religions,—the Religion of Compassion and Love.

Day by day, he serves as many as he can. And early every morning, he sits in meditation beneath a tall tree. One day, the king of Banaras, proud of his power, passes by, sees this man at the foot of the tree and says to him :—"Tell me, what is it you teach!"

The young man hears these words and opens his eyes : they are filled with a strange, mystic light. Once again, the Raja speaks :—"Tell me what it is you teach!"

Calm and serene, the young man answers thus :—"O king! I teach compassion and love to all beings on earth."

This is the message of the young disciple of Krishna. Is it not, also, the message of the Christ and the Buddha,—the message of all the truly Wise Ones of Humanity? It is the message the modern world so piteously needs.

> Verily, he knoweth who loveth all : for Wisdom is of the Heart.
>
> And his illumined soul doth bless man and bird and beast.
>
> And he, verily, is of the Kingdom of Krishna and Christ!

STRIVE ON !

My message to all students is :—Be young !

1. Therefore, build up the body. If you will maintain youth, see that you keep the body pure and strong. To be young is to be healthy and radiant.

2. Take care, also, of the sub-conscious. The foundations of character are laid deep down in the sub-conscious. The conscious self is easily taken care of but there is the sub-conscious self. It does not come into the daylight, but operates in private hours and, at night, and in sleep. The sub-conscious shapes us more than many of us care to know. Have you seen a phonographic plate? On its disc the singer makes a record. The disc is so sensitive that it captures every note, every tune, even the gentle cough of the singer. And the phonograph reproduces every thing registered by the sensitive disc. Such a disc is the sub-conscious. The conscious self reproduces at one time or another what the sub-conscious registers. Therefore, be careful of even little thoughts, desires and suggestions. They sink in silently, almost imperceptibly : they rise to the surface under proper stimula.

3. Strive on! In the larger college of life you will meet with many difficulties. In the face of them all stand strong, unafraid. Strive on! Faults, imperfections, lapses,—let them not dishearten you. Strive on! "The joy of life," Tennyson says, "is the steep ascent!"

Yesterday was my silence day and I spent a good portion of it, thinking of Buddha and going through a beautiful book recently published on "The Life of Buddha" by a French author. A moving account is given in this book of the passing of the Buddha. By him is Ananda, the St. John of Buddhism, for Buddha loved Ananda tenderly. And Ananda says to the Master :—"For many misdeeds I wish to be forgiven!" And Ananda asks for the Master's parting message. Then says the Buddha :—"Do not grieve, Ananda, do not despair! Continue in the right path. Let Dharma be your guide. Never cease to strive!" What hope, what strength in these words of the Blessed One :—"Never cease to strive!"

There, then, is the three-fold gospel of rejuvenation :— (1) build up the body; (2) take care of the sub-conscious self; and (3) strive on. When the storm is raging and the night is starless and the darkness deepens and you feel that you are alone,—alone in the struggle, alone in the fight for truth and right,—say not even then that the struggle naught availeth, but strive on! In courage born of the consciousness that the Law never fails, for the Law is ever good and ever true, strive on!

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GOD SEEKETH MAN

HAS it never occurred to you to ask yourself :—"What am I? Why am I here? What is my destiny?"

Can it be that you have been lost so much in the tumults and transitory phenomena of life that you have never asked yourself such questions?

Every attempt to explain the life of man in terms of the vibrations of matter and ether is inadequate, because it ignores the essential element in man,—the *Atman*, the soul-life of man.

Man does not belong to the category of natural things. Man is an *Atman*,—an out-breathing of the Eternal Spirit.

Think not that ye are creatures of clay. Ye are greater than your bodies,—greater, too, than the empirical ego, the ego of appetites and desires. Ye are heirs of Imperishable Life. Therefore it is that you cannot rest in the finite life. The soul's spontaneous gravitation is towards the Spirit. "Thou God madest us for Thyself and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

In a beautiful poem named the "Hound of Heaven," the author, Francis Thompson, describes how a man is trying to escape the Supreme and to find rest in finite things. The Supreme follows the man "with unhurrying chase, unperturbed pace, deliberate speed, majestic constancy." Rest is denied to the man, though he seeks it by turns in beautiful places, in the stars and the dawn, in the evening sky and in the eyes of little children. And even as he stands within the shadow of death, the voice of the Supreme speaks to man :—

"Ah! fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee who dravest Me!"

So Tukaram says, in an *abhanga* (verse) that God was running after him while Tukaram was walking along. Tukaram says :—"I saw God whirling round me in a circle." So, too, we read in the poems of Kabir :—"God. followed Kabir as Kabir was walking alone and God called out :—'Kabir! Kabir!' But Kabir would not listen and moved on ! Then Kabir saw God following him !"

Man is represented often as a seeker after God. It is truer, perhaps, to say that God seeketh man and more, God pursueth man and will not leave him in the dark. For God, the Spirit, is the Life of Nature as He is the Truth of Man.

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LOVE DIVINE

WHAT is awakening? Whence is it?

The soul cometh to this earth-plane from afar. Here, on this earth, the soul hath fallen asleep and is in forgetfulness. But the Divine Spirit will not let the soul lie in forgetfulness,—long.

To return to the Home which we have lost, an awakening is needed. This awakening arises out of the words of a *satpurukha*, a Teacher. In fellowship with such a Teacher, develops *bhakti*, love, God-love. In and through Love,—the Love of God and all creatures,—comes a realisation of Truth.

Of this true Love, God-love, there are eight principal manifestantions :—(1) *maitri*, friendliness; (2) *karuna*, compassion; (3) *samata*, equanimity; (4) *santosha*, acceptance of everything that happens as the Will Divine; (5) *yama*, self-control; (6) *saucha*, purity; (7) *asanga*, detachment; and (8) *shraddha*, faith.

These are the eight marks of him who is truly linked with the Lord in Love Divine.

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THE TRIPLE YOGA

The Gita is a scripture of *yoga*,—of *Raja Yoga*. *Raja Yoga* is the Royal *Yoga*. The Gita proclaims the royalty of man. Ye are gods! Ye come from the place of the King. But ye have forgotten your original Home, your divine destiny. You lay waste your powers in "forgetfulness."

Raja Yoga tells of the *Raja Marga*,—the Royal Path of the soul. The Gita says :— "Ye lie in forgetfulness : awake to remembrance ! In forgetfulness you lie,—separated from the Eternal Source!" The word "*Yoga*" means "union," "fellowship." Sri Krishna says:— "Return to the original unity of the Divine Life!"

The *Raja Yoga*, the *Yoga* Royal is a synthesis of three *yogas* :—(1) *Dharma Yoga*, (2) *Bhakti Yoga*, and (3) *Buddhi Yoga*.

The voice of the *Dharma yoga* is:—"Do thy duty!" *Dharma* is duty. Every one has a duty (*swadharma*) to perform. You are not to run away to a forest or a mountain. You are to be in the world to fulfil your task.

There are three steps in the path of *Dharma yoga* :—(1) *dān*, (2) *yagna*, and (3) *tapas*.

Dān is giving to the poor, the weak, the distressed. But not in pride. Don't "patronise" the poor. But respect them. And bow to them as to God's children. *Yagna* is worship, daily worship of the Lord. *Tapas* is self-control, mastery of the senses. A man without self-control is no better than an animal.

In the path of *Bhakti yoga* there are three steps :—(1) *anuraga* or longing for the Lord; (2) *shraddha* or reverence for the Guru; and (3) *daya* or compassion for the poor and distressed, for bird and beast.

One quality essential for *Bhakti Yoga* is steadfastness. We are often impulsive. Impulsiveness is not spirituality. Be steadfast if you would grow in the Life Spiritual. And *daya*, compassion, reverence,—is essential, too. Reverence for all life. How much we waste when so many are starving! We wear silk when many shiver in wintry cold. We buy luxuries when so many haven't the wherewithal to buy daily bread. If we had compassion, we would save to serve the poor.

There are three steps, too, in the path of *Buddhi yoga* :—(1) *viveka*, (2) *vijnana*, and (3) *darshana*.

Viveka is discrimination. It deepens into *vijnana*, the wisdom which giveth understanding. Wisdom flowers into *darshana*. He who has *darshana* sees the One Life in all. He has reverence for all saints and prophets. He respects all. He does not despise the evil-doer; he has no contempt for the poor. He rises above caste-consciousness, class-consciousness. He is linked up with the Cosmic Consciousness.

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THE MEANING OF HAPPINESS

In this broken, bleeding world, we are all seeking happiness, if we could but understand that happiness is an experience which transcends externality. True happiness is not touched by external events.

1. He is happy, who sees God! God-vision is emphasised by the Rishis of the *Upanishads*. To see God is to be truly happy.

2. To see God is to accept the Divine will. We become unhappy by following the path of desires. Nations are unhappy because they are dominated by desires, of parties or dictators.

3. These desires constitute what the Gita calls *dvandas* or pairs of opposites. To be happy you must rise above these "pairs,"—pleasure and pain, prosperity and poverty, praise and blame, life and death. These "pairs" are the world's values, Rise above the world's applause and censure if you will be truly happy.

4. God-vision is realisation. Rise above the *dvandas* and realise your unity with the universe. It is the sense of separateness which makes unhappy. Let the *bheda-buddhi* go! Develop the *abheda-buddhi*, the consciousness of unity with the Cosmos! Separation means "tension" and "tension" becomes unhappiness.

5. When you "separate" yourself from "others" you feel "isolated". Be at one with Nature,—and you will be happy. Modern civilisation is aggressive and develops "superi-

ority complex," which makes one feel "isolated." All isolation is unhappiness.

6. Try each day to realise your unity with the human and the animal, your kinship with the plant and the rock. The sun and the moon and stars, the earth, the water, the wind and the fire and the sky are not aliens. You belong to them : they belong to you. Enter into unity with them.

7. Therefore, go into silence every day. One of the "disciplines" to achieve happiness is silence.

8. In periods of silence, you develop the sense of wonder. Wonder is the beginning of knowledge, and wisdom ends in wonder. In periods of silence you feel that you live and move in mystery.

9. If you would be happy, you must make your life an experience of gratitude. Yes,—in gratitude you adore the Mystery that surrounds you, and in this adoration you feel happy.

10. And coming out of silence you work in love. Your life becomes a procession of love.

In loving dedication of all you have and all you are to the service of Love is the secret of the happiness which the world cannot give and cannot take away !

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CONSIDER THE LILY !

There is a line in a poem by Percival :—"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers."

We in the East associate flowers with sentiments of love and reverence.

A distinguished American visitor, a President of one of the Colleges in the U. S. A., kindly paid a visit to the Dyal Sing College, Lahore. I greeted him and I gave him a garland of flowers. He said he was thrilled with joy. The garlanding of guests, he thought, was a "wonderful custom" of the East.

We give garlands to the gods and those whom we love and venerate. Percival is right :—"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers." Students in Sind are forgetting the Eastern love and reverence for flowers. I have seen students trample upon flowers and ruthlessly pluck their petals. I ask you today :—"Grow in the spirit of little flowers. Be little flowers of the Shakti High School !" And I remember the words of one who is enshrined in my heart, the words of Sri Isa (Jesus) :—"Consider the lilies of the field! How they grow!"

Be ye little flowers! Be lily-like! Consider the lily! The lily is so beautiful. You too must be beautiful. Socrates offered one prayer, every day. He said :—"Oh lord, make me beautiful !" You, too, should pray :—"Teach me to be beautiful." True beauty is not in colour and form. True beauty is of the within. Be beautiful within !

How may you grow in beauty? Let the lily answer! "Consider the lilies," says Jesus.

The lily is so white, so pure and so simple! The secret of beauty is purity. And the secret of purity is simplicity. Jesus said :—"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these lilies of the field." Solomon, the great king, put on gorgeous clothes. But he was not so beautiful as the simple lily. True beauty is not ostentatious, showy. In simplicity, I repeat, is the secret of beauty. Be ye simple.

Consider the lilies! They make no noise. They grow silently. If you would be lily-like, grow in silence. A good school has an atmosphere of silence. You cannot gather knowledge in an atmosphere of noise and tumult. The greatest things are gathered in silence. "Silence," said Carlyle, "is the element in which great things fashion together." Silence grows around that student who has reverence. A school should be a centre of knowledge and reverence. I would ask you to salute the Shakti Flag every day and carry on your studies in the beautiful atmosphere of reverence, simplicity and silence. "Consider the lilies. How they grow!"

[*From an address to students of the Shakti High School*]

ABIDE WITH ME!

Abide with me! The shades are falling fast,
And Homeward still my longing eyes are cast;
The darkness deeper grows! I cannot see!
I can but call to Thee : Abide with me!

The waves are high and feeble is my bark,
And all around me is so wild and dark;
Quick come the rains; and rough is still the sea,
And still I trust in Thee; Abide with me!

For Thou, O Lord! art strong to still the storm,
Still mighty Thou Thy wonders to perform;
The gloom is great; in trust I turn to Thee,
And cry for mercy : Lord! Abide with me!

The Lotus, Flute and Cross let me behold!
In depths of darkness let Thy Love uphold!
On wings of faith I fain to Thee would flee,
In danger, dark and death, Abide with me!

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POONA.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

HERE on the Nuwara Eliya Hills, seven thousand feet above the sea, my soul has a bath every day of silent communion with the Mystery that shines and shines and ever shines,—the Mystery that is God.

Modern science is inspired by a vision of the Infinite in Nature. The Cosmic Infinite is the inspiration of Science.

Science and religion are, perhaps, the two greatest achievements of history. Yet between the two there have been repeated conflicts. The New Age that is dawning will show, more clearly than ever before, that science and religion are not rivals but comrades in the one service of the Spirit.

Religion, indeed, is the supreme Science of Life, the Science of the Spirit. Religion is a vision of the Laws of Life, and this vision flows into the stream of history, civilisation, life.

We are on the threshold of a new scientific age. Current scepticism is a passing wave. A new creative courage, greater because grounded on a new understanding of the cosmos, greater than that of the ages of "faith" will yet arise and emancipate the world from force and fear.

Here, on these ancient hills, sanctified by the *tapasya* of Sita, I have felt, again and again, —that Nature, too, is a Veda of *Parabrahma*, a Scripture of the Spirit. In each star is the Light of His thought. In each flower is the beauty of His Holiness.

There is the theory of "plurality of worlds." Can it be that the earth alone is inhabited? Is it foolish to think there is life on other planets, other stars? There are interesting speculations regarding life in Mars. We live in a world wonderfully built. Out earth is but a speck in the infinite space. If we could but meditate every day, on the Infinite in Nature! Marvellous, most marvellous, is the Universe. And modern science, in revealing to us the Infinite in Nature, is teaching us the religion of humility.

Modern science is revealing to man, more and more, the Infinite in the Cosmos. Look at the stars! Every star is a world. And there are millions of stars. Our earth is but an island in space. Some of the stars you see bring you light whose rays have taken, may be 900,000 years to reach the earth, so that in that light you really look back 9 lakhs of years in the past. In this profusion of the worlds, our earth is inconspicuous,—a little speck! And these worlds upon worlds,—are they without a plan, a Mind?

Verily, Nature is a witness to the Divine Mind. Science is a search for Truth, and Truth is God. Religion, to be respected by the young, must be cleared of its trappings and re-interpreted in terms of modern science and modern reflective consciousness. It is a wonderful world science reveals. The sun and the naked-eye stars and the millions of telescopic stars are but an island in the space that is interspersed with island universes. I recall the words of Emerson :—"O my brother, God exists! There is a soul at the centre of Nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word."

Infinite, infinitely open, is the Universe. What room is there for fear in an open universe? He looks at you! He speaks! Listen! Nor be afraid! In this universe of wonder and grandeur, Death itself is but a face of Life.

Look! the lotus blossoms and draws the bees. Lotus-like blossom the lives of saints, and they draw naturally, spontaneously, the souls of men. And who is a saint? He who has renounced self : he who has freed himself from the illusion of the "ego" or the "empirical self."

I have listened to the rains and the wind and the waves. Methinks, their voices declare :—Awake! Awake!

What a help to spiritual life is the scientific vision of Infinity in Nature! There is yet another vision,—that of Infinity in the Heart! The heart's gravitation is to God. And He is not afar but is nearer than thy nerves and closer than thy breathing. The Law of the Heart is Love and bears witness to God. For Love beautifies and blesses. Every act of Love emits light. To give light to others is the secret of spiritual life. And He, the Spirit of Light, is with thee, within thee. He walks with thee in the crowd; and in the silence of the hills is heard His sound; and He is radiant in thy aspiring heart! *Tat Twamasi!* Of Him and in Him thou art!

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THE KEY TO NEW EDUCATION

Sympathy is the key to education.

Intellect has been developed, but aggressively, and so has but strengthened the modern cult of separation. A new education of the heart is the world's piteous need.

Sympathy is the keynote to that New Civilisation which will save the nations. Europe, today, is rattling with barbarism.

Who will build a new, truly civilised world? The children of today. Therefore, teach them the joy of kindness, the beauty of sympathy.

How wonderful was the heart of Buddha! How it moved out in sympathy to all creatures! He taught his disciples to pray each day :—"May all creatures, all things that live, all beings of whatever kind,—may they all be happy !"

His beloved disciple, Ananda, asks:—"Who shall teach us, Master! when thou art gone?" And Ananda bursts into tears.

Buddha consoles him, telling him not to weep, for yet another Great One shall come, and he,—rich in wisdom and strong in leadership, a teacher of gods and men,—he, the Holy one, will re-proclaim the doctrine of the Buddha, perfect and pure.

Then Ananda asks :—"Master! And when he comes how may the world know him ?"

And the Buddha said :—"He will be known as Maitreyi, which means, he who is the Friend of All, the Compassionate One, he who is radiant in love!"

The coming Buddha will bear the name which means, "Sympathy," "Love".

Civilisation, today, is sinking into chaos. But there is hope. For, out of darkness cometh the light. And the Buddha hath told us that Maitreyi is coming to open the dawn of a New Day.

Out of slime and mud rises the radiant lotus. And out of the strife and chaos of these days will rise the Maitreyi of Compassion, the Buddha of Beauty and Love.

Let Schools be centres of sympathy and light! The little ones will grow to build a brave new world, a beautiful world of justice and peace.

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THE WISDOM OF THE HEART

TRUE Wisdom is the Wisdom of the Heart. This Wisdom is true Knowledge. Of this spoke Plato to the youths of Athens in words so beautiful that I am tempted to quote them. In one of his *Dialogues*, Plato says :—"This Knowledge is not a matter that can be transmitted in writing like other sciences."

How then may this "Knowledge" be communicated? "It requires," Plato says, "long-continued intercourse between the pupil and his teacher." This "Knowledge" may not be passed on to a pupil as a fragment of paper or as a written document which you may hold in your hands. This Knowledge must be held in the Heart.

There must be contact between the pupil and the teacher. This Knowledge comes through fellowship with the Teacher, the seer of the Secret. Plato says :—"Until suddenly, as a light flashes forth when fire is kindled, this knowledge is born in the soul!" There is a flashing forth of "Fire" in the pupil, and he says :—"I am blessed !" Suddenly, in the purified heart of the pupil,—purified through contact with the Guru,—there is a flash of Light : there is the "flashing forth" of Wisdom.

I was asking myself if I could make this thought more clear by giving one other illustration : and I thought of another great teacher of the ancient world. His name was Plotinus. He developed, at the early age of twenty-eight, a longing to know. He travelled to different places. He came to Alexandria. He sought for Knowledge in the lecture-halls of Alexandria. And always he returned home, we read, "saddened and discouraged." He listened to philosophers and said to himself :—"But these philosophers do not tell me of that Knowledge which I wish to know."

"Shall I ever get the Wisdom I seek?" he said to himself. And there came to Plotinus, one day, a man who said :—"You have tried philosophers. Would you try another, an humble man, a simple man, a man who lives away from the crowds and excitements of life? Would you go to him?"

"What is his name?" asked Plotinus. And he was told the name was Ammonius Saccas.

Plotinus went over to him the next day. So simple was he! So simple and so radiant! He spoke a few words : they filled Plotinus. He became a pupil of the "God-taught" Ammonius Saccas. Plotinus entered into "fellowship" with this simple man of God. At the feet of this mystic, Plotinus sat to learn for several years. And, one day, the "Fire" of Wisdom "flashed forth" in his Heart : a light, an illumination entered into his life, and he said :—"I am blessed!"

He communed with silence, more and more. And, opening his lips, sometimes, he said :—"Out of discussion we call to vision!" Yes,—when the "flash" comes into the Heart, the pupil no longer discusses. Discussion is on the mental stage. The true seeker, he who would know, must rise beyond the "mind" and be able to say :—"Out of discussion we call to vision!"

The seer, the Guru, asks the seeker, the *jignasu*, to discipline his mind. "My child," the Guru says to his pupil, "your mind wavers : your mind is *chanchala*, unsteady. You must learn to purify the mind. And when your mind ispurfied, your *buddhi* will awake!" Yes,—until the *buddhi*-centre opens, the seeker cannot advance on the Path.

What is the difference between "mind" and "*buddhi*"? A *Rishi* says :—"*Buddhi* gives certainty : mind doubts." On the mental plane there are controversies, debates, arguments. As long as you live and move on the mental plane, you cannot be certain of the *Atman*. Open the *buddhi chakra* (centre), and you will *know*. To open it you must accept certain disciplines. One of them is *vairagya* (detachment). Yet another is *vasana-tyaga* (renunciation of craving).

Manas, mind, is consciousness of separateness : *buddhi* is consciousness of unity. *Manas* analyses, differentiates, separates,—dwells in distinctions and differences. *Buddhi* colligates, combines, unifies. Mind has its place in life : we must think, reflect. Argument has its place : but life is more than argument. We must open the centre of *buddhi* : it is the centre of sympathy.

New schools and new colleges are needed,—schools and colleges where students may study in a new atmosphere of sympathy. India's need, the need of every nation, in East and West, is Education of the Heart. It is the secret of the true life which is an offering to the Lord, a life dedicated to the service of the *Atman*, the Eternal. "Arjuna!" says Krishna to His beloved disciple, "whatever thou doest, whatever thou eatest, whatever thou dost give in worship or charity,—offer it as a sacrifice to Me!"

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O MOTHERLAND!

O Motherland! Thy sacred Name
Within me wakes a sacred Flame!

Thy ancient woods and templed hills,
Thy lotuses and daffodils,

Thy sacred Sindhu and the streams,
Thy Rishis' songs and radiant dreams,—

My heart with holy rapture thrill!
O keep me in Thy service still!

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WHAT INDIA NEEDS

THREE groups of servers are India's urgent need, at this hour. The first group I shall call "volunteers,"—volunteers of India, volunteers of the nation. I am afraid, we still are thinking in terms of the Maharashtrian, the Gujerati, the Madrasi, the Bengali, etc. Why can't we think in terms of India? Volunteers of India are needed, volunteers of the nation.

An inhabitant of Egypt said to me, one day :—"Why don't you call yourselves Hindis? You of Hindustan are all Hindis."

A volunteer is one who pays homage to the nation, who thinks of India first. India first, India first : this is the watchword and this is the *mantra* of every one who would be a volunteer of the nation.

What do these words signify :—"India first?" "India first" means, be manly! Develop the culture of manhood! A volunteer of the nation must grow in the spirit of manhood. And volunteers of the nation should celebrate hero-days. India has thrown up a number of heroes. So is India's history for me a *shastra*, a scripture.

Some years ago, I went to Rajputana and there was told, in detail, a thrilling story, the story of one of the greatest heroes of Rajputana. His name is Rana Pratap Sing. He stands up all alone to face the Moghul power. Princes and friends forsake him, one by one : and the Moghul army is after Rana Pratap : he is not dismayed. His "mother's milk," says the Rajput chronicle, "is resplendent in him"!

Single-handed and for twenty-five years, Rana Pratap runs from rock to rock : Rana Pratap wanders far and wide. For some time he hides himself in the forest : savage beasts surround him. His wife and children are with him, and there are days this great one has not food to give them.

And the wife says to him :—"My Lord! you starve : I starve : but I cannot see our little ones starve."

Then Rana Pratap says to her :—"O thou who art dear to me as the breath of my life, listen! I never shall surrender the honour of my race. I shall not go to make peace with the Moghul who is pursuing me. Better to starve and die than rob my race of her honour."

They sang to me in Rajputana a moving little song about Rana Pratap. And this song revealed the secret of this hero :—"Pratap renounced wealth and lands but he never dishonoured his race! The secret of his strength was his soul of manliness!"

Then there is the second group I think of. The first group I call "volunteers." They may stay anywhere they like. But they must guard India's honour. They may be *grahastis*, they may earn money, but they must guard India's honour.

The second group I call "wanderers." They go, from place to place, taking with them the message of India and of India's great one. They go to the villages, they go to meet the poor ones, they go to meet those who are in need and in suffering. They speak to the village-folk of India and Indian ideal.

What work have they before them? Firstly, the "wanderers" go and tell the village-folk to build their bodies. We have long neglected our bodies, I am afraid. Build up the body! I sometimes say :—Body-building is nation-building! Build up your bodies : see that your bodies are strong.

And the second thing the "wanderers" do is to ask the village-folk to stick to "swadeshi." The village-folk are being invaded by other forces. They must wear swadeshi clothes.

And the third thing the "wanderer" is to do is to tell the village-folk of the great heroes of history. I do not think that English education has justified itself : and to the village-folk you must not give the current type of education. Give them folk stories, stories from ancient books, stories from the great lives of the heroes of India, stories from the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*. So may the village-folk grow in the spirit heroic!

Shivaji was one of the great heroes of humanity. Most of you, alas! have forgotten him. What education did Shivaji receive? His mother was his teacher, and she gave Shivaji thrilling stories from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. These stories built up the early life of Shivaji, and Shivaji became a hero!

Then the "wanderer" must look to the villagers' problem of poverty. The "wanderer" must share his bread with the village-folk. Great is their suffering! The "wanderer" must serve them when they are ill, stricken with malaria. And the "wanderer" must start village-unions to help swadeshi and co-operation.

And fifthly, the "wanderer" must teach the village-folk to turn away from decadent civilisation to simplicity of nature. The civilisation of your cities is decadent. Its other name is "decadence."

Here is the five-fold programme which a "wanderer" has before him when he goes out to serve the village-folk.

A third group is, also, needed. May I speak of it as the group of "worshippers"? Young men! I ask you not to be staggered at the mention of the word "worshipper". Worship, literally, means "worth-ship" : and what is worth-ship? Worth-ship is appreciation of worth. Worth-ship or worship, therefore, is reverence for the noble. When I offer reverence of my heart to a man, I worship him. Worship is homage : worship is reverence to what is "above" us!

As the "wanderer" goes from place to place, from village to village, I believe, he begins to see his limits. The "wanderer" begins to understand that it is not open to him to reach all the villagers. Goethe tells us that if we would work, we must realise our "limitations." Every worker must realise his limitations. There is so much to do, and there is so little which I can do. The "wanderer," as he grows in experience, comes to understand that he can't reach many villages, that he can't reach many village-folk. Then he says :—"I dedicate, I offer my work unto Thee, O Lord!" And if the worker does not believe in "God," he, at any rate, believes in a *shakti*, a power that thrills the world from end to end. And the worker, the sincere worker, the "wanderer" says :—Oh *Shakti!* I offer my work unto thee!

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THE LAND OF THE PURE

WHAT a sweet name, India! This name was given to the land by Greek travellers. They found that India's women were pure and India's men were pure. They said this was a land of the "pure." India is derived from the Sanskrit word, "Indu," which means "moon." Indu, the moon, is a symbol of purity, and so they called this land "India."

The word "Hindustan" is equally significant. This word is derived from the word "Sindhustan." "Sindhustan" means "the abode of the Sindhu." In Sind flows the Sindhu, the strong river whose praises are sung in Vedic *mantras*. And the meaning of the word, "Sindhu," is that which flows on, flows on, flows on. "Sindhu" is a symbol of progress. As Tennyson tells us in his two beautiful lines :—

Men may come and men may go :
But I go on for ever.

Kingdoms have come and kingdoms have crumbled, but the Sindhu goes on! Dynasties have appeared and disappeared, but the Sindhu flows on! Sindhustan means the land of the Sindhu : Sindhustan means the land of the people who go on, go on, go on.

Unroll the pages of history : what do you find? Kingdoms and empires have appeared and disappeared; but our beloved Motherland goes on! Hindustan means, literally, a land of eternal progress, a land of the people who march onward, forward. Onward! Forward! This should be the motto of the people of this ancient country.

O YE THAT ARE YOUNG!

MANY counsels, many programmes are before the country.

I know but one thing. I preach but one programme,—love of Humanity, and service of the poor.

I believe profoundly that in love, in service, in a religion of Humanity, in humble service of the poor, is the reconciliation of all the warring creeds of the world.

This, then, is the word I pass on to you that are young:—Aspire to be silent servants of the poor! Silent servants: for true service is not noisy.

Flowers bloom,—silently. Stars shine,—silently.

The noisy waves break and retire.

It is the silent ones that come up in strength.

In silence is *shakti*.

And the faith in me is strong that on the path of silent service of the poor will India find her true Freedom and her God.

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THE COMING STORM

In these tragic times, I have, again and again, sat in my corner of silence. I have thought of India : I have meditated upon India, the Mother! And sometimes, I have seen a storm, and I have heard the noises of the coming days. Then have I cried, "O India, my Mother!"

I have heard the noise of the storm. Who knows the storm may be a prelude to the fulfilment of India's mission? And then, going deeper into my meditation, I have seen the Mother unharmed in the midst of the storm,—untouched by the tempest! I have seen the Mother riding the storm : I have seen the Mother riding the noise and chaos of the crumbling world,—in Her hand the blue banner!

Then? What then? I have seen the old epoch going : I have seen a new epoch rising! And I breathe out an aspiration that you and I, in waking thoughts, in dreams at night, in our work, in our worship, in our daily activities, in the inner thoughts of the mind, in the aspirations of the heart, think of Her, the Mother, serve Her, the Mother, and be ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in the honour and freedom of the Mother, in the coming days!

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THE DESTINY OF INDIA

I KNOW of the efforts of a number of my esteemed countrymen to eliminate religion from national life. What will you think of a man taking a pocket-knife to cut down a forest on a mountain side? Professor Tiele speaks of religion as "one of the mightiest motors, in the history of mankind." You cannot eliminate it. You must come to terms with it.

As I wrote in an earlier letter, a "League of Religions" must be organised to meet the challenge of the new mentality which reduces man to machine.

India still will wander from unrest to unrest, until she recovers the Wisdom of her Rishis and re-discovers the God who hath embraced and reconciled in Himself all races and all religions,—the God of Love.

My soul is in agony and seeks to be somewhere alone with the Alone, to get from Him,—the All-Giver,—light, more light, strength, more strength, for the service of a broken, bleeding world.

India's need is something bigger than "nationalism." Love is our need. For Love is creative. And greater than Lenin and Stalin are Krishna, Buddha and Christ. India will be saved by a movement of love.

What the sad world needs most urgently is regeneration from within.

Each nation has its mission. But the mission of no one is all-comprehensive. The nations need one another. And history will not fulfil its hidden purpose until the nations form one family in God.

For freedom, as I understand it, is fellowship. And a new era will not open until the nations renounce repression and war and all counsels of hate and strife.

This unrest, methinks, is but the messenger of a flood which has only begun to flow.

The world-forces are marching on! Are they not knocking already at India's gate?

If India can adjust her life to them in time, she will become a servant of the nations and a saviour of civilisation.

If she fails in the task of self-adjustment, then the flood will be a deluge.

And a new chaos will enter into the historic process, which aims at resisting the political ascendency of the West and using the rich and diverse gifts of the Orient and the Occident in the service of a new Humanism and a new Civilisation.

[*In a letter*]

Space donated by
Shrimati Radhibai B. Vaswani
(COLABA, BOMBAY-5)
in sacred memory of her father-in-law,
Shri Chandumal Moorjmal Vaswani.

A PARABLE

For years together he dwelt in the Forest, meditating and dreaming of the day when he would behold Sri Rama. And one day came to him the news that the Blessed One was coming to the Forest. And the *bhakta* (devotee) was beside himself with joy.

And he left his little hut and moved out to meet his Master. He moved on for many days. And, one day, he felt very tired. So he rested in a quiet, little place. He rested and meditated,—when suddenly Sri Rama stood before him! But the *bhakta* was absorbed in meditation. His eyes were closed : he did not see that before him stood Sri Rama whom he had longed to behold.

And Sri Rama spoke :—"Behold! I stand before thee, My *bhakta*!"

The *bhakta* answered not, moved not : the *bhakta* was absorbed in meditation.

Then Sri Rama entered into his heart! The *bhakta* saw his Masters' Face in his heart, and then opened his eyes, and saw Sri Rama before him.

Such is the law : first the inner, then the outer. See the Lord in your heart first. Then may you see Him in nature and history.

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LET US LIVE RELIGION !

ARE you easily offended? Are you suspicious? Are you upset when others speak ill of you? Have you a secret desire to be popular? Are you dictatorial in your talk and conduct? Are you irritable, artificial, ostentatious, complicated in your life? Are you unkind to the poor? Are you overbearing to those who are socially your inferiors?

The cause is lack of humility. The humble are simple, straightforward, gentle, kind, reverent. "Except ye be as little children," said Jesus, "ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

When we forget this, we have quarrels and controversies in the name of religion. They spring, often, from pride. Is truth your monopoly, my brother, and denied to those who do not have your religious hall-mark? Is not truth infinite? Can it be the monopoly of any one sect or society? Is not God the Lord of all or is He the King alone of one community?

Life, not lip-belief, is the real test of my religion. O, let us live religion, not talk it! Let us grow in humility and we shall end the sorry spectacle of religious quarrels in this country. Many paths lead to the mountain-top. Many roads take us to the temple. Pilgrims are we all, though the paths be many. And though we wear different labels, we would know,—if there were humility in our hearts,—that our King and Leader still is one.

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THE NEW TEMPLE OF FREEDOM

To the humble, the poor in spirit, indeed, belongs the Kingdom of Heaven. Not the earth! Not yet. But some day, so believe I, the earth will pay homage to Heaven. Some day civilisation will be charged with the *Krishna-Shakti*, the Christ-Force.

That Force, coming from the Spirit-Kingdom, is, I believe, already at work. And our comrades on the other side are, as it seems to me, busy breaking down the barriers which stand between our civilisation and the life of the Spirit. The barriers cannot stand for ever. The *Krishna-Shakti* must one day conquer. For the world's need is piteous : and many, many move in the world, today, as heart-broken in the quest.

The higher consciousness of humanity is beginning to pay homage to the child-soul. "There should be no masters of children, only servants," said Dr. Montessori. In a new reverence for the Child-Spirit lies, to my mind, the solution of the modern problem of liberty. And the daily deepening faith within me is that the poor,—the poor in spirit,—will build the New Temple of Freedom.

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GOD IS THE GREAT WORKER

Zarathushtra gives us a significant picture of Hell. He says :—"In Hell though the souls are as close to one another as are the ears to the eyes; and as numerous as the hairs in the mane of a horse, yet every one feels himself alone!".

Much of the misery of modern life comes from loneliness. Much strength may come to us out of a sense that in our work we are in contact with a Greater-than-ourselves. In consciousness of dependence on the Divine, in a sense of allegiance to the Living Infinite Ideal, is the richness of life.

Humility is not self-condemnation. It is self-renunciation. Humility, at its highest, is being nothing. And to be "nothing", to be a "zero", is to meet the Secret God. It is to see Him as the One Mighty Worker.

Mistaken are we if we think that we are making a New India. The more I study the events of recent years, the more I feel that the Lord is making India, not we. He is the Worker. Blessed we if we strive to be His instruments. And in the measure we are truly humble, He works through us for India, for Humanity.

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"ALL THE PATHS ARE MINE !"

A GREAT Sufi writer says :—"The ways of God are as many as the breaths of man." And a text in the Gita expresses the same idea wonderfully well :—"On whatsoever path men approach Me, on that I go to meet them. For all the paths are Mine!"

Prophets of the race, in East and West, have glimpsed this great truth. And yet there is conflict in the religious world.

Rivalry in religion, as it seems to me, is due to two things,—want of knowledge, and lack of sympathy. Sometimes, there is lack of knowledge : sometimes, there is lack of sympathy : and often, I think, there is lack of both.

There are some who believe that there is but one and full and final revelation of the Spirit; so that those who stand outside the circle of their own faith must necessarily be in error. Again, there are some who approach the religious problem in no spirit of sympathy. They fix their attention on certain aberrations and extravagances of a particular religion and say, "Look here, this religion is a monstrosity!"

So it is that quarrels, discord and hatred, have entered the religious world. Religion, which was meant to be a bond of union, has become a source of sectarian strifes.

I remember, many years ago, while in Europe, I received an invitation to speak at a Church. The minister of the congregation took the chair. I spoke on "The Wisdom of Higher Life." The reverend gentleman was very kind.

At the close of the lecture he said, that evening they had "listened to a non-Christian but to words of inspiration."

Then a friend came to me and said :—"There is one little thing I wish to communicate to you. The question of your being invited to speak here was brought before the committee of the congregation, and one member of the committee objected to your being invited at all on one ground :—'So and so is an Indian and a heathen!' "

What a wonderful teaching comes to us from Sri Krishna in the ancient words :—"I am in all religions!"

Greece and Rome, Carthage and Assyria, Egypt and Babylonia have vanished, and are today a memory of the past; they are gone, but India lives on. And if the history of man be not an aimless pursuit of shadow-shapes that come and go, but a sacred scripture showing a purpose of the World-Will, is there not some great meaning in this survival of India?

India has survived the many shocks and changes of time, because I believe India is meant to be the standard-bearer of a great message. I believe that India is meant, under the grace of God, to be an interpreter to the nations of a religion of reconciliation, a religion of harmony. But India may not enter upon her world-mission if you and I will not strive to verify in every day life the vision of harmony and love.

Religion is Love! The highest force in life is Love! Love is in truth the profoundest philosophy of life! For Love is expansion of the self. The Lord of Love is the inspirer of all religions. And the paths of all converge to a common centre.

SIMPLIFY! SIMPLIFY!

SIMPLE life does not consist merely in avoiding stimulants and luxury in diet and dress. I know of some who avoid these but are cruel and indulge in cant. Simple life means, in essence, purity and poverty.

This purity is sometimes referred to in the Scriptures as "nakedness." One of Shiva's names is "*Nanga*" or "Naked." Listen to the following prayer of Bhartrihari to Shiva :—"O Shankara! When will that day arrive when, by a peaceful life free from desire, I shall eradicate the roots of *kāma?*"

The lilies of the field,—they spin not. Why, then, art thou anxious? We grow only after we become "poor."

Poverty is a key to the spiritual life. It is the only life worth living. Everything else is *māyā*.

The true values of life are of an Immaterial Order. This truth is often ignored by many in the name of the Hindu doctrine of *karma*. The doctrine is often construed in terms of material success. Have you plenty of the world's goods? You are supposed to have done good *karma!* Is this view of *karma* much different from materialism?

Wealth is not a criterion of good *karma* nor suffering of evil *karma*. Wealth may only be a witness to your power of exploiting the poor. And suffering, like the white pearl crushed and swallowed, may rejuvenate the man.

By a Law of Transformation, pain becomes a part of life's spiritual discipline and strength. The *Iliad* sings of the chief Hellenic Deity as the "Cloud Gatherer". And true it is that many a cloud of suffering is big with the rain of His Mercy.

But don't confound true poverty with the merely physical. There are poor men who are cruel and proud. There are well-to-do men who are meek and generous. True poverty means abandoning ambition, desire for prominence, thoughts of greatness.

A titled-man : a rich man : a big man : a leader : a man of the moment! So thou art to others. What art thou to thyself?

Is there a deeper tragedy than that of the man who is immersed in pursuit of the not-self and has no time to meditate on the Divine Self within?

Much of what they call work, activity, is egoism, ambition. *Ahankara* is a deadly enemy of the simple life.

Ahankara is a danger not to work alone but, also, to contemplation. Many a religious man is an egoist. True religion is the death of egoism : for true religion is poverty.

Most of us, alas! are polytheists. We cease to worship God when we take credit to ourselves. To remember ourselves is to forget the Lord. Ambition is "idolatry". Renounce it, O Pilgrim on the Path!

The world has worshipped greatness. Learn thou to worship Poverty. Be thou of the band of the little ones of the Lord. Renounce thyself at His Lotus-Feet. Simplicity is self-surrender.

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"WHO WILL GO TO THE OTHER SHORE?"

In the South lived a Saint known as Tiruvalluvar,—the author of the book named the *Kural*. It is regarded as the "Fifth Veda."

Tiruvalluvar was, like Kabir, a weaver by profession. He came under the influence of the thought and wisdom enshrined in the Gita, and became a teacher of spiritual life.

In the *Kural* he calls upon all to do their duty, renouncing all desire for fruits of action.

"Be like a cloud," he says, "that pours water but asks for nothing in return."

There is the secret of true religion. The teacher of the *Kural* asks us to strive for *inner* freedom from the world.

In addition to this ethic of *inwardness*, the *Kural*, like the Gita, sounds the note of the ethic of *love*,—the note of *bhakti*. Life is not meant to be hoarded : life is meant to be given away, given freely to all, given in love and in the spirit of joy. "The man full of love," says the *Kural*, "gives his very bones to others."

So in the *Mahayana*, the great Saviour named Avalokitesvara is represented as a "winged steed" and is named "Cloud" (*Valahala*), who carries to the "Other Shore,"—the far-off Bank of Enlightenment or Freedom,—all who wish to go there.

In a beautiful, allegorical story, we read of the "Cloud" as manifesting Itself to a company of merchants who have set sail for the "Jewel Isle." They are shipwrecked and fall in the hands of alluring women on another island. The women receive them hospitably but wish to entice them. The women appear beautiful, but finally prove to be man-eating monsters! They are atonce alluring and devouring : they represent the world of the senses which tempt us and swallow us.

Over the Island of these alluring women moves the figure of the "Cloud," the "Saviour,"—appearing, from time to time, soaring through the sky and calling out :—"*Kò pāraga?*" "Who will go to the Other Shore?" It is the cry of the ferryman :—"*Ko pāraga?*" "Who will go to the Other Shore?"

The voice of the "Cloud" is the voice of the *Bodhisattvas*, the Saviours of Humanity. It is the voice which warns us against sensual pleasures. The voice of the "Cloud" is the voice of compassion. It is the voice which calls :—"O ye that wander in darkness and are weary! come out of darkness into light,—the light of the Other Shore where wisdom shines and peace abides!"

It is the supreme voice of the Bhagavad Gita. It says :— "Give! Give!" Give the wealth of your heart, your loving service, your dedicated life! For in agony is the world. Your treasure, sons of the sages of the East! is not your bank accounts or cash certificates,—not your silver, not your gold. Your treasure is the treasure of your heart. The wealth of the world is no better than the world itself,— passing, transient. It is the wealth of loving service which you are asked to give to the poor,—and be blessed!

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OPEN THE WINDOWS!

WILL you practise meditation? Then note the following:—

1. Keep the body in a restful position. It is a spiritual loss to be very weak or very ill.

2. Be not in a hurry. Sit down to meditate when you are not tired.

3. Open the windows of your mind and heart and quietly take in what comes. Hence the value of silence. Silence is essential to health,—spiritual and physical. "The *Atman* (Spirit) is Silence," says an Upanishad. Spiritual and nervous energy is drained in noise. Every prayer in the Ancient Books moves in an atmosphere of "*Shanti*, *Shanti*, *Shanti* (peace)." Beautiful thoughts inspired the Rishis in the Forest-*ashramas* : they were centres of silence.

4. Place your aspirations and difficulties at the Feet of the Lord. Your sins, too. Don't be afraid to take to His Presence the darkness within you. Sit at His Feet as you are. Sit under His influence.

5. Call up an object,—an incident, say, from Krishna's life or Christ's or Buddha's,—a symbol, say, the Flute or the Cross or the Circle or the Lotus. In such incidents and symbols you may touch the Great Ones. They are of His Family. Do not think they are dead. The Great Ones live. Read their lives and sayings.

6. Offer yourself as a sacrifice—every day.

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TAKE CARE OF YOUR SANGA !

GRAFT a branch into a good stalk. What follows? The branch becomes a part of the living organism. In a similar way, we become spiritually living when "grafted" in the *sat-sanga* : our minds and hearts grow into the spiritual.

The second chapter of the Gita gives a significant, psychological explanation of the progressive degeneration of man. Lower life begins with attachment to things of passing value and the shadow-shapes which obscure a vision of the Unseen. Attachment (wrong *sanga*) leads to unlawful desires, but *sat-sanga* links the soul with a Spiritual Ideal.

The very sight of a true *sādhu* (pure man) purifies. From him come rays of purity, vibrations of *tapasya*, magnetic currents of love. They kill the evil germs around us and purify our moral atmosphere.

Sat-sanga (spiritual fellowship) helps because it builds up a magnetic centre of spiritual life. From such a centre flows a vital energy, a *shakti*, which purifies our emotions and strengthens our faltering steps on the Path.

Sitting under the influence of the Spirit,—that is what makes the soul a medium of His message.

Prayer of silence is much neglected in these days. Such prayer is the wireless of the soul.

The inner life is the true life of freedom. How poor are they who are in the lime-light compared to those who "sit under" the Spirit-light and are silent!

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

KRISHNA and Christ, Mahavir and Buddha, Nanak and Chaitanya had cosmic consciousness.

To have this consciousness is to realise that whatever one has is for the service of all.

Hast thou power? It is meant not for *bhoga* (enjoyment), but for helping the poor and weak. Hast thou knowledge? It is meant not for vanity, but for spreading the light among those around thee.

The will-to-serve-all must take the place of the will-to-hate-and-fight-and-kill. Modern civilization has used science to produce more and more destruction. This civilization is a servant of Death.

A brotherly civilization was at one time built in ancient India,—a civilization of mercy and love.

The animals, too, are our brothers. This is what the truly great ones of Humanity so richly realised. They had cosmic consciousness.

Yes,—these animals are thy brothers. Kill them not.

If we could but appreciate the poetry of animal life! Some of the birds are a miracle of beauty in nature's Wonderland. And I have wondered how man can have the heart to catch and kill them! Larks and nightingales,—sweet singing birds,—alas! are killed and eaten!

Many years ago, there was held in Paris an "Intelligent

Animals' Competition." "Dozen of dogs," we read, "went through rifle-drill, cats jumped through hoops, and fowls danced the polka. The first prize was given to a Japanese dog who made a bark and made different gestures to express various wants, for instance, putting its paw to its jaws with a peculiar yapping when it was hungry." The second prize was bestowed on a dog, a cat and a hen who played "absolutely like children." More striking phenomena have happened since. They indicate that animals have some measure of intelligence or the power of forming association of ideas. Animals understand commands, e. g., "fetch the stick." They use gestures. They have some sort of language : and is not language a witness to the power of thought and emotion?

One day science will advance, I believe, to the position that animals have, also, a spiritual function.

I have seen God's image shining in animals and birds. I have learnt of them lessons which have drawn my heart nearer to Truth and Love. And one of the purest aspirations of my life is to be spent, more and more, in the service of these younger brothers and sisters in the one Great Family of Him who loveth all life.

Current civilization has broken loose from spiritual disciplines. It has trampled upon the vision of mercy and love. Hence the deep unrest everywhere,—violence in the West, hate and passion in the East. Brother! spread the message of mercy and love. They will build the new Humanity whose vision is the hope of all wounded hearts in East and West.

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COVET NOT!

IN the *Ishopanishad*, the Rishi gives the teaching :—"*Mā gridah!*" "Covet not!" And the Sufi *dervishes* are never tired of telling their disciples that, if they would grow in spiritual life, they must covet nothing in this world or the next, but give themselves entirely to God and turn their face to Him. "Love poverty," said Rabia, "if you will be near the Lord."

Ibrahim B. Adham was the King of Khurasan. He renounced his kingdom and lived a life of poverty, earning his daily bread by manual labour. He met a man who often complained, saying :—"Sad is my condition : I am so poor!"

Ibrahim said to him :—"My son! perhaps you paid but little for your poverty."

"I do not understand you," said the man. "Does any one buy poverty?"

Ibrahim answered :—"For my part I chose poverty and I bought it at the price of my kingdom. When I found this precious thing,—poverty,—I bade a final farewell to my kingship. I give thanks for my poverty. The bird of my heart has, through poverty, attained to fellowship with God."

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WHAT AM I?

THE longing to commune with the Beloved makes me what I am,—an unworthy servant of my Master.

Years ago, the question arose within me :—"What am I?" I answered it in diverse ways. I wrote :—

What am I?
An earthen lamp :
But the light that therein shines is Thine!

What am I?
Iron transmuted :
And the transmuting stone is Thine!

What am I?
A little scroll :
But the letter of Love is Thine!

What am I?
An inkpot :
But the ink of gnana is Thine!

What am I?
A reed :
But the flute-song is Thine!

What am I?
A streamlet :
But all the healing waters are Thine!

What am I?
A wavelet :
But its source,—the sea,—is Thine!

What am I?
A weather-beaten boat :
But the compass and the Captain are Thine!

What am I?
A little spark :
But the Central Flame is Thine!

What am I?
A coloured kite :
But the thread that holds me high is Thine!

What am I?
A hawker from door to door :
But all the wares are Thine!

What am I?
A servant of servants :
But the tapas and strength of service are Thine!

What am I?
A wandering fakir, a singer in the street :
But the Song in all the songs is Thine!

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THE KEY TO MEDITATION

THE key to meditation is the opening of the heart to Him,—the Beloved,—and His holy Ones. "I cannot live without Thee," said the Sufi poet, Nuri. "Thy Hand is everywhere. How long, my heart's Beloved? No more can I endure this banishment!"

In meditation, the servant aims at being detached from everything but God and the Guru.

The servant makes his heart a mirror. Then, into the heart he looks, first polishing off the rust that stains the inner Self. Then, quickened by the breath of the holy ones and the Holy Spirit in the heart, he is purified and he becomes poor in spirit and, in deep humility, he stands, at last, to gaze at the King of Beauty.

Transformed thus, the servant learns to love every one, even his "foes." And he is freed from pride : and he learns, as Sri Chaitanya repeatedly asked his disciples to learn, from the tree which rewards the stone-thrower with fruit,—and from every stone and every star. He heals the smiter : he blesses him who would kick or crucify!

And then? Then, "O Qasim, silence!" sings a Sufi *fakir*. Then enter into communion with the One who is, also, the "One-many,"—the "Nameless."

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THE DIVINE CENTRE

"SURFACE-KNOWLEDGE" and "creed" have but a small place in the deeper life of the soul. Not the intellect, not theology, not ritualism, but the Heart touches the Divine Centre of Life. A Sufi singer of my native land sings :—

From all thy learned lore
Stand thou far!
Consider how in thee may grow
The yearning for the Only Love!

The yearning for "Verity,"—for the "Only Love,"—is it not above "knowledge"?

God is beyond knowledge. Indeed, you know Him by loving Him and you love Him by dwelling in love on His Forms and His promptings in the heart. In man is God : God is in all : and all is in God. God is Love,—the Only Love. I sing in my heart, again and again, the song of the Sufi poet :—

Lo here! Lo there!
I only remember
Thy Picture,—
Thy Picture, Love!

Are not the dawn and the dusk, the sunrise and the sunset, too, His Pictures?

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THE SIMPLE WAY

THE simple way is the royal way. The simple man is a king amongst men. Simple words of simple men have thrilled and inspired multitudes. Their destiny has often hung upon the utterances and teachings and lives of a few simple souls. Sri Chaitanya changed the face of Bengal with his simple message :—"*Hari bol! Hari bol!*" "Sing the Name of the Saviour!"

There is something in the words and actions of lovers of the simple life, something magnetic that moves men and women. The words of these simple ones are not as those of intellectual men who argue about and about. The words of these simple men are dynamic. They release a strange, mysterious power hidden in the depths of the human heart.

Tuka was a simple man, almost illiterate, a labourer earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. But when he took up in his hands his *ektara* and tuned it to the words :—"*Bhaj Gobindam! Bhaj Gobindam!*" "Sing the Name of the Lord!" he filled his hearers with joy. As he sang his *abhangas* (poems), it seemed the Spirit was descending upon him.

Mira thrilled Mewar, from end to end, with her few simple words :—"*Mere to Gridhar ı Gopāla doosarā na koi!*" "Mine is He, Krishna the Beloved! None other do I know!"

And how simple was Jesus in his life! His words,—springing from the depths of his heart,—magnetised multitudes. "Be naked in your hearts that you may see God!" he said.

What is the simple way? It is the way of self-denial. St. Francis was not a scholar. But his few simple words, "My God! My God! Thou art my all!" changed the lives of multitudes. St. Francis was a man of self-denial.

We live in a period of industrial civilisation, of technological advances, of scientific research and investigation. It is a period of pursuit of wealth, possessions and power. In this period, specially, we need the supreme equipment of life,—that of self-denial. "He that will follow Me," said Jesus, "must deny himself."

The secret of the simple man is known to him who has learnt to pour himself,—his thoughts and aspirations, his energies and endeavours, his activities and pursuits of daily life,—into other lives. The simple man realises that the Spirit is the Great Transmitter, and that the Spirit is the Creator of new values. Krishna poured his few simple words,—the few simple notes of the flute,—into the hearts of the village milk-maids. And with his simple flute, Krishna thrilled Brindaban, from end to end.

Of a great singer we read that he could, by pouring a few vibrations of his enchanting music into a wine-glass, shatter it. So much that is wrong and evil in the life of today, could be shattered, not by our state legislation, not by our tumults and strifes, but by a few simple words of God-men who speak out of the depths of the life within them,—a few simple words of hope and faith, of life and love.

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WHERE ART THOU, O LORD?

YEARS have passed since I returned from my wanderings in the West. I returned with deeper love for India, with a strange, new appreciation of the wisdom of the East and the vision of the West.

I surveyed the situation in India, and I asked :—"Where art Thou, O Lord?"

I looked into the temples and found so many no better than market-places. And I asked :—"Where art Thou, O Lord ?"

I looked into our schools and colleges. I found they were cradles of an imitation-cult or at best centres of cold intellectualism. The culture of the Spirit was not there. And I asked :—"Where art Thou, O Lord."

I looked into the intellectual faces of India's youths. I found them busy about many things, but forgetful of the one thing needful. And again I asked :—"Where art Thou, O Lord?"

In the shouts and shows of today, in the conflicts of parties and creeds, I see "civilisation" still dominated by materialism. I see it sitting heavy upon India. Yet was India once the birth-place of the Beloved. I see society still torn asunder by creeds and cults of power. I see "religions" still swayed by the dogmas that divide. I see the poor still trampled upon by the proud of power and wealth. I see brother-animals still led to the slaughter-house.

And my aching heart cries, again and again, in the silence of the night and the silence of the dawn :—"O Krishna! come! We have banished Thee long! India's agony calls Thee! A broken, bleeding humanity calls Thee! Creatures tortured by the cruel hand of man call Thee! Come, O Krishna! And with thy brothers, the Buddha and Jesus, Kabir and Nanak, the Bodhisattvas and the Saints, be the healing Heart of humanity!"

Is this civilisation preparing to destroy itself? Where is our hope if not in a new Brotherhood of races and religions, a new Brotherhood of the nations of East and West? Krishna's Flute is to me a symbol of this hope, a symbol of the new song of a new divine humanity!

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THE WISDOM OF A SUFI SAINT

When asked, "Where is thy native-land!" Abu Yazid answered :—"Under the Throne of God."

Yes, O man! thou art a pilgrim, a stranger here! How true it is that our hearts are restless until they realise that their true native-land is God, the Only One!

Abu Yazid taught, too, the truth that I seek God because He first seeks me, and I love Him because He first hath loved me. God loveth and seeketh His own before they love or seek Him.

This Sufi *fakir* taught that the way to tread is the way of purification and renunciation. To know Him, learn first to renounce thyself. One mark of him who would walk the way of spiritual life is humility. "What shall I bring to Thee, Lord?" asked Abu Yazid; and the Voice answered him :—"Bring to the Lord humility, and tears of longing and love." Was not this great teaching taught, in our days, by India's great saint and seer, Ramakrishna Paramahansa?

"Ask what thou wilt!" said the Voice to Abu Yazid. And the Sufi saint said :—"I desire Thee and Thee only." Then spake the Voice again :—"Lose thyself and thou wilt find Me!" Yes,—lose thyself in love to God.

And what is the mark of him who loveth God? Abu Yazid answered :—"The beauty of humility and love, of service and sacrifice."

"Where is God?" asked a disciple. And this great seer and saint of Islam answered :—

"Far and wide I wandered in Arab countries and other lands.

"Alas! I found Him not in any of the countries.

"I looked for Him in the mosque and the temple : I found that both, alas! were empty! Both were built of beautiful, shining stones. Alas! God was not there!

" I found Him in the Temple of the Heart, and I found Him in the Temple of loving service!"

The modern world, alas! is smitten with hatreds between creeds and classes and nations. What a relief to come in contact with some who aspire to the life of service and love! One such man,—Meister Eckhart,—prayed :—"O Lord God! we beseech Thee to help us escape from the life which is divided to the life which is united!"

These mystics,—the Sufis and *rishis* of humanity,—have discovered a New World where East and West unite. "God is Love! And he who abides in Love abides in God and God abides in him!" "All beside Love is but words," said the Muslim,—Abbas Effendi.

"Tell us in a few simple words what love is," asked some disciples of Abu Yazid. And he gently answered :— " This is love,—that ye account yourselves very little and God very great !"

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THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

We live in an Economic Age. Everywhere there is a scramble for wealth. I say to you :—Gather money,—of a nobler kind!

In America, there was a multi-millionaire named Barton. He committed suicide. The police, after investigation, found a letter on the table of Barton. In his letter, Barton wrote that he had gathered gold in plenty, but he was unhappy, and therefore he was committing suicide.

I do not wish to speak much, or I would enter into an analysis of the life of the West and show how the civilisation of the West is committing suicide. And you, in this country, are imitating this civilisation! The West is not happy with this wealth. And you will never be happy with wealth. Yet I ask you to be wealthy! I, a *fakir*, ask you today to gather gold,—the gold of the saints.

This gold is *garibi* (poverty). Blessed are the poor in spirit,—said Jesus.

The West is unhappy, for it has forgotten the inner and embraced "externality." Visiting the West, years ago, I asked :—"Where is freedom in the West?" You imitate the West, and you are unhappy.

If you would be happy, gather the wealth of *garibi*, self-surrender to the Lord. Where there is no surrender, there are discussions and dissensions.

In the name of service, today, there are so many controversies. The greatest malady of our days is egoism, pride, People want offices everywhere. But a true servant wants to serve. How difficult to practise self-effacement!

Hanuman had this true wealth. Once Sri Rama said to Hanuman :—"What is your wish?"

And Hanuman answered :—"Master! Thy wish is mine!"

Sri Rama said :—"Would you have *swarga* (paradise)?"

Hanuman said :—"Lord send me to *swarga* (heaven) or *narka* (hell), but grant me the strength to do Thy Will!"

Doing the will of the Lord, self-surrender, *saranāgati*,—there is the secret of happiness. India is unhappy, for two brothers do not unite. We lack discipline in our institutions. There are quarrels, for our minds are infected with egoism. "Renounce the pride of the mind!" says Kabir. Renounce egoism! Take refuge at the feet of the saints! Accept His will! Be *sipahis* in the Army of the *Satguru*. Be *sipahis* and be blessed!

[From an address]

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THE WORD OF GOD

Blend love and renunciation : let the twain be one! Verily the love of God cannot be kindled in a heart that loves comfort. Naked the swimmer dives into the sea to find a pearl : and he who would find the "pearl of great price" should live in this world, stripping himself of comfort and pleasure.

From the mingling of love and renunciation arises inward Light : it leads the pilgrims on! They who love God find their rest in God alone. And loving God, they go forth to serve and heal their brothers and sisters in suffering and pain. To them is uttered the Word of God :—

O ye who are My witnesses!
If any comes to you sick,—
Because he hath lost Me,—
Heal him!

If a fugitive from My service
Comes to you,
Bring him back!

If any comes to you,
Healer be thou and My comfort give :
Remind him that My Name endures,
For I am Love!

Verily, I am your best Physician,
For I am gentle :
And He who is gentle takes as His servants
Only those who are gentle.

O SLEEPER, AWAKE!

THE Name Divine, *Nāma*, is, indeed, a manifestation of the Lord. *Nāma* is the Word, the Creative Word by which all things come into being. *Nāma* is referred to as the "Logos," in the *New Testament*. *Nāma* is the Wisdom of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Nāma, if recited as it should be, awakens the seeker. "He whom the Name doth smite findeth salvation. It awakens the sleeper!" are the words of a beautiful poem of Dadu.

But you need a Teacher,—a Guru,—to help you to hear *Nāma* in your heart. And when you hear the Name, love springs in your heart. Love is not a mere word.

Choose a teacher. Choose one whose life is radiant with love for Krishna. Blessed are they to whom the Guru speaks the Word, placing his hand on their heads.

Such blessed ones do not feel lonely in this world of darkness : Krishna is with them. The Name Divine is the Light of their lives.

The world is asleep : but when the heart is wounded with *Hari Nāma*, the seeker wakes,—wakes in pain. And he hears the Holy Spirit speak within his heart and he is led into the presence of the Self.

Desires lead the seeker astray and he wanders,—knowing no rest. Alas! so many pass away, crying :—"O Beloved! Beloved! O Krishna! Krishna!" Blessed is the seeker in whose heart the *Nāma* sings! Then is heard the Voice :—"I, thy Friend, am not afar! I am close to thee!" Then in the mirror of the Heart doth the seeker see Him and exclaim :—"He is in all alike! To whom shall I enmity bear?"

THE NAME DIVINE

Some of the thoughts bearing upon the Name Divine in relation to the life of the individual may be noted thus :—

1. Learn to rise from your bed in the morning with the Name Divine on your lips. The first thing to be done, as you open your eyes in the morning, is to utter the Name sacred to you.

2. In the course of the day, make it a point to sit alone in a quiet corner for at least half an hour and repeat the *Nāma* (Name Divine), again and again.

3. You may repeat the *Nāma* with your mouth or with the heart, orally or mentally, but the *Nāma* must be uttered aloud in words or silently in the heart.

4. If, for any reason, you are unable to utter the Word with the mouth, if you are laid up and unable to utter the Word orally, and if you have strength enough, write the Name on paper. This, I think, is a suggestion which may be helpful to us who endeavour to give money *gratis* to the poor. Give them what you will! But ask them, the widows and others, to write the Name on a piece of paper. This is one work which will bless them. Don't give them *gratis*. Give aid to the poor and ask them to write the Name of the Lord on a piece of paper and then read it and re-read it.

5. *Mantra* and *mahā-mantra* : the *mahā-mantra* is the great *mantra*, the *mantra* supreme. *Mantra* is any sacred syllable. One *mahā-mantra* is the following :—

Hare Krishna! Hare Krishna! Krishna, Krishna, Hare, Hare!
Hare Rāma! Hare Rāma! Rāma, Rāma Hare, Hare!

The *mantra* or the *mahā-mantra* must be uttered with deep longing in the heart for the Infinite. Cry to Him as you utter the *mantra*, as the *chatak* bird cries in anguish feeling separation from the clouds. Utter the *mantra* out of the depths of your heart.

7. Prayer has its place in the programme of *Hari Nāma.* Any prayer that you utter should come out of the depth of the heart. Cry to God as to the Mother Divine. Cry to the Lord, to the Divine Mother, as a child would cry in anguish and deep aspiration. "I loved that I might be happy," says a Vaishnava poet. "I have been crying all my life."

In prayer, the following words may be repeated :—"I want nothing but this,—to be filled with love for Thee,—*prema-bhakti*, O Lord!" "I take refuge at Thy Feet, O Lord!"

The secret of true prayer is self-surrender, taking refuge. "*Māmekam saranam vraja!*" as we read in the Gita. "Take refuge in Me alone."

The Name Divine purifies and draws the heart nearer to the Life Divine. It does not depend upon rites and ceremonies. Mere utterance of the Name saves everybody,—from the "highest" to the "lowest."

The one thing specially to be noted about *kirtan*, i. e. the singing of *Sri Nama*, is that it purifies the mind and it purifies the atmosphere. *Sri Nama* becomes a great purificatory force for the regeneration of society.

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THE INNER WAY

The sun shines. To the sun turn the flowers. To the *Nāma*, the Name Divine, turns the heart of man.

The awakening of spiritual life starts with this movement of the Word, the *Nāma*, in the hearts of men.

Men have framed elaborate rules for bringing the Heart into the Presence of God : and men wander, when the way is simple. And simple men have come to Him, unpretending, singing the Name in *kirtan* song.

O children of men! I, too, searched from end to end. I searched : I did not find! Then with the *Nāma*, the Name alone I went into the heart and then I saw the Beloved.

The *Nāma* is called *Hari Nāma* or *Rama Nāma* or *Krishna Nāma*. Utter this Name time after time. Repeat the Name, again and again, with a calm mind and in the heart within you will the Beloved reveal Himself.

"*Hari Nāma*" : the word means "the Word of Hari." "Hari" means "He who annihilates all sin." "Hari" means "Saviour." In the *kirtan* of *Hari Nāma*, the aspiration of the heart is :—"O Saviour! annihilate my sins,—all *vikāras*, all germs of evil." The sin of sins is "selfhood," "ego," *ahankāra*, pride. "Annihilate the ego, the lower self in me, Thou Leader and Saviour of my life! On me, in Thy grace, pour Thy Spirit of Love, O Krishna! Beloved Shyama, be Thou my life and mind, my heart, my All!"

The one recurring note of true *kirtan*, therefore, is :— O child of Krishna! wander no more! Find your rest in *Nāma*,—the Word,—in *Rāma Nāma*, in *Hari Nāma*. Your Rama, your Hari,—Krishna,—is not afar. He stands, He waits at the door of your heart! Open the door and let Him in! And sing your *kirtan* in unison with Him! You will, then, sing well. He is your Leader and your singing will be all the richer when it is in tune with Him, the Leader of your Song.

Thus through *kirtan* will your heart, the "inward" man, be quickly transformed and from the *Krishna-loka* will descend into the depths of your soul influences and inspirations which will unify you in love and service with the Lord.

Sing *Hari Nāma* and you will inevitably enter into the depths. In a world of false deeds and false thoughts do most of us live : in a false world do we move. This world touches only the surface-consciousness of our being. Surface-consciousness makes our world a little cave. Out of it must you come and offer yourselves,—your all,—to Eternal Krishna. Out of surface-consciousness must you come and greet the Krishna within you,—the Flute Player in the shrine of your Heart. The *kirtan* way is the mystical way, the Inner Way. Its essence an inspired *bhakta* expresses in beautiful words :—

I went wandering like a strayed sheep, Lord!
I sought Thee with anxious arguments without,
While Thou didst dwell within me!
I worried myself in looking for Thee without :
And yet Thou hast Thy shrine within me!

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STRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF HOLINESS

In Arabia, there is a town named Nishapur. A merchant of this place has a wife who is wonderfully beautiful. The merchant has to move out for some days to recover sums from a creditor. But the merchant must first arrange for the board and lodge of his wife. She is so beautiful. He must not leave her in her lonely house : he can only leave her in the house of a pure, trustworthy man.

He remembers there is one such man in Nishapur. They call him Abu Usman. He is a *tapasvin*, a man of self-control. The merchant's wife comes and lives in Abu Usman's house. One day, Usman sees her beautiful face and is bewitched, Usman's mind is agitated. He goes to a religious teacher, Hafiz, and opening out his heart, says to him :—"Save me, in Allah's Name!" Hafiz sends him to Yusuf.

Usman moves out to meet Yusuf. He lives in a far-off town. There, Usman falls into the hands of some of the detractors of Yusuf. They say to Usman :—"You are so good. Your life is pure. You are a *fakir*, a *tapasvin*. Strange that you wish to go to Yusuf! He is not pure and he mingles with the drunkards. Meet him not! If you go to his house, your reputation will suffer. Return!"

On hearing this, Usman returns to Nishapur. He is afraid of what the people would say if he went to meet Yusuf.

And Hafiz sends Usman back to Yusuf.

Usman hears again wild reports against Yusuf. Usman is firm. He finds out Yusuf's house. What does he see? In the house, near the door, sits a man, advanced in age. His face is beautiful : his eyes are radiant : his words are sweet. Usman says :—"Here is a king amongst men!"

Usman salutes Yusuf. Yusuf salutes Usman in return and says to him :—"Welcome, brother! sit down!"

Then Yusuf talks to him of spiritual life, of the treasures of wisdom, of the vision of His Face that illumes the day, of the peerless King who is exalted above description and explanation, of the beauty of the Beloved whose vision emancipates the heart, of the Light of Love that calleth all heavenwards.

Usman is thrilled. Usman looks, again and again, into Yusuf's bewitching eyes : and Usman looks around. Usman finds that near Yusuf is a bottle and a cup : Usman is surprised. He says to Yusuf :—"Your face is so beautiful. Your eyes are lit up with light. Your tongue is sweet as the song of a nightingale. Your talk is captivating. But why have you kept near you this wine-bottle and a cup?"

Yusuf says :—"Listen, brother! I live in holy poverty. I have no money to buy a vessel for water : so I have cleansed this bottle, and I have filled it with pure water, and if a thirsty man or woman cometh, I offer him or her water in a cup!"

Usman is amazed. He says :—"O, the sinners! They talk ill of you. Why do you let them censure you? Why don't you behave differently?"

Yusuf says :—"Usman! I behave as I do that scoffers may censure me! When I become notorious as a bad character, no one will leave his beautiful wife in my house. So shall I be freed from temptation. And my soul shall rejoice in Allah alone!"

Usman understands that in Yusuf's words there is a reference to him. Usman falls down at the feet of Yusuf and says :—"You are the Moses of our day. You are a singer of Allah. And in your songs is a wealth of the Wonder of the Beloved and His Divine Love. Accept me as a disciple!"

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THE TEMPLE OF NATURE

I LOOKED at the grass in yon garden, and mine eyes were filled with tears Why? Dost Thou not, my Lord, pass it by?

Climbing up a mountain or passing through a forest I have heard the Master's footfalls. He comes to bless us in nature's temple.

Seers alike of East and West have viewed nature as revealing the Spirit.

Guru Nanak saw God in nature, saw the moon and the star offering *ārati* (worship) to the Lord.

To Krishna nature was radiant with the same light as illumined the eternal Radha. To the Buddha, the tree became a vehicle of wisdom. The Bodhi tree was the tree of enlightenment. Carlyle was in depths of doubt and despair. And one day, he walked along a road near Edinburgh. In front of him were the mountains and over his head was the sky. And suddenly there came to him a voice of the Spirit leading him beyond the despair of the "Everlasting No" to the joy of the "Everlasting Yea."

Is life's meaning obscure? Step out of your room into a garden or forest or climb up a mountain, or sail at night in a boat over the waters, or walk in silence beneath the starlit or moonlit skies. And coming under the influence of nature, you, too, will salute her as a teacher or a prophet of the wisdom of God. You, too, will awake to your duty and destiny.

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PAINTING PICTURES

ONE day an artist brings a beautiful picture to Tolstoy,—a picture of "The Last Supper."

A moving picture this! Jesus is about to go from this world. He is about to take up the Cross. And before leaving, the Master meets his disciples. In this picture, Jesus is represented as washing the feet of his disciples. What a lesson in humility! The disciples have been quarrelling among themselves as to who is the greatest in their midst. Jesus takes up a water basin and a towel. Jesus washes the feet of his disciples. Jesus fain would teach them the truth :—"He is the greatest who is a servant."

The artist shows his picture to Tolstoy and wishes to know if he has painted well. Tolstoy looks at the picture and after a few moments says :—"If you had loved deeper, you would have painted better." The artist returns with the picture to paint better.

You all are painters. What pictures are you painting? What pictures did you paint during the day?

If a brother was angry with you, did you give him anger in return? Did you meet unkindness with unkindness, or with goodwill and patience?

What pictures have you been painting? Pictures of hate and anger? Of greed and gold? Or have you been painting pictures of your Master?

What have been your action pictures? And what have been your thought pictures? Your thought forms?

Within you is the Master! What pictures of the Master have you been painting? If you loved deeply, you would paint better. Keep this aspiration within you :—"May we paint the picture of our Master and grow in the spirit of Love!"

Some have been painting pictures of money and pleasure, forgetting the noble ideals of service and sacrifice.

O paint some pictures of the Master! Paint them in these two colours,—purity and love.

In your waking hours and in your subconscious self, paint the Master's pictures. Paint them in purity and love. And you will be blessed.

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THE DAILY WONDER

Go and proclaim to the people to *live* religion, not quarrel and fight. For God is the King of all communities, and He reigns in every religion and every race.

Walls have they raised,—walls of passion and pride,—separating nation from nation, dividing religion from religion, race from race.

He who hateth his brother harms himself. He reaps the full harvest of his hate.

Keep clear of religious controversies. They disturb the spiritual atmosphere. The Lord of Love meets His worshippers in many ways. And all forms of sincere worship are blessed by Him, being overshadowed by His Presence.

Worship Him in secret. Beware of the sin of externalism! He hath hid Himself. Do thou hide thyself in Him!

The Secret is inexhaustible, yet open, and may be read in the daily wonder of the world, and in the scriptures of the nations or in the smile of a child and the meditative calm of a seer or saint.

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THE KING'S QUEST

IBRAHIM was a king in mid-Asia. Lying in his regal couch, he heard, one night, sounds on the roof of his palace. He came out of his bed and inquired what was the cause of the noise which disturbed him. To his surprise he saw on the roof not human beings but shining forms like angels.

"Who are you?" he asked. "And why are you here?"

The shining forms said :—"We are angels : and we are here on the roof of your palace in search of camels."

"How foolish of you," said the king, "to be here at this hour in search of your camels on the roof of the palace! How do you hope to find camels here?"

"As you, O king!" they said, "are hoping to find God in your palace, wearing the crown and living a life of luxury here!"

And quickly vanished the angelic forms : but their reproach went home to the heart of the king. He said to himself :—"True it is, I should not hope to find God here in the palace. If, indeed, I am sincere in my search of God, I should renounce the palace, and move out to find Him in the cottage of a poor man. Not in the luxuries of the palace but at the lotus-feet of the lowly and the lost may I hope to find Him whom I have searched in vain for many years."

The king renounced his palace and his regal robe. The king moved out in quest of the poor and lowly.

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VANITY OF VANITIES

WHEN the cosmic sense is awakened, one realises the littleness of things we seek and the plans we pursue.

"Vanity of vanities!" says the awakened man. How little we know! How little we really achieve! As Goethe says in a poem of his :—"A small ring limits our life."

We think mightily of ourselves. We occupy so small a space in the cosmos. What is man compared to the stars?

Must we, then, sit idle with folded hands? No! Let us work,—but as instruments of the One Master. We are so little : he is the One Worker. Blessed are we if we are accepted as instruments of His service, His work.

Big plans and programmes,—let them go! Enough if we do, in our little, allotted field, the humble little service to which He calls us. Then shall we live true lives,—true because dedicated,—dedicated and beautiful,—beautiful in spite of what the world calls failure or defeat.

Let us keep alive the cosmic sense, and we shall grow in humility and in that only service which makes life rich,—the service of love.

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THE THREE VEILS

RELIGION, as I understand it, is an energy to unveil the *Atman* (the Spirit). Self-recollection is the secret of spiritual life. Veil after veil must drop before you may behold the light of the *Atman* within.

Three veils there be which the seeker must distinguish from his real self:—

(1) There is the veil of the body. How often is the real man confounded with his external environment, the body!

(2) There is the veil of desire or appetite. Soul life is not enriched until desires are transformed into aspirations.

(3) There is the veil of the *manas* (lower mind). Is not *manas* the source of *ahankāra* (egoism)? To grow in the life of the Spirit one must outgrow egoism.

As these three veils are lifted, the larger Self-hood shows forth its beauty. Man contacts the Infinite in the little temple of the heart.

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THE POOR, RICH GIRL

THE Buddha was travelling, taking to the poor his great message of help and healing.

And suddenly the news spread :—"Famine is raging in all the areas around Kashi!"

The Buddha called his disciples :—"Now is the time to serve and win blessings. Which of you will feed the hungry and be blessed?"

A very wealthy man was in their midst. He quickly said :—"Not all my wealth can feed the hungry : they are so many!"

A girl of tender years rose to speak. "Master," she said, "a poor shop-keeper's child am I. Bless me, and I shall feed the hungry."

"You?" they asked. "You who are so poor! How can *you* feed so many?"

Quietly answered the girl :—"Yes,—I am the poorest in your midst : but am I not the richest, too? Have I not my share in the wealth of the wealthiest in your midst? I shall call at every home and say :—'Give me my share for the service of the poor!' "

And all gave out of their abundance to feed the poor, and famine disappeared from the land.

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CULTIVATE THE SOUL!

SEARCH and still search. One day, in great loneliness, thou wilt meet thy Lord!

Search and struggle will make thee a son of *shakti*, a son of the Himalayas, wise and strong!

Come out of this wilderness of book-knowledge if thou wouldst see the daylight of *yoga*.

The science of *yoga* is a chain of wisdom. And every link in it is made of meditation.

This science is a sea. Many look about and look around. But few there be who have learnt to leap in. Dive, dive deep, if thou wouldst have the pearls of great price.

Yoga is spiritual agriculture. Thou must sow the seed,—the seed of *tapasya*. Thou must water it with the water of love. Thou must fence the field with the sacred *mantra*. Then wilt thou reap a rich harvest.

Yoga is fire-walking. To walk through the fire of desires and passions and not be consumed is to walk the way of *yoga*.

There be yet another fire,—a sacred fire. To kindle it with the fuel of aspiration and, in that fire, to burn all desire is to walk the way of *yoga*.

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MY OFFERING

To Thy servants, howsoever unworthy they, Thou art ever true. Why, then, O Lord! this long delay?

I meet the wind and ask him to tell Thee of my state. I greet the bird and ask him to be a messenger from me to Thee.

I see the star and ask him to take through blue spaces of the sky the cry of Thy servant's heart :—"Come, O Beautiful One! Come!"

Desire makes the net of *māyā*. Sacrifice builds the throne of the Beautiful. Come, Thou! that I may be a sacrifice at Thy Feet!

Great ones have renounced kingdoms in quest of Thee. What may I, a poor servant, give Thee, O King of kings? I fain would offer my life's breath,—a gift from Thee to me,—to have Thy benediction, O Ancient Beauty!

Tears have I shed in the many births behind me,—tears more copious than all the waters in the seven seas, tears of separation! Now come and make me fruitful in the service of Thy Love!

The dream of *swargaloka* (heaven world) is not mine. What may I do with joys of paradise without Thee?

The dream of *mukti* (salvation) is not mine. What shall I do with a salvation which denies me the service of Thy Lotus Feet?

Endless is Thy Love. And endless is my longing. Knowledge may not measure Thy infinity. My endless aspiration is my offering to Thee, Thou Endless One!

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THE ROBBER WHO BECAME A BHAKTA

Fudayl was his name. He was a robber,—the captain of a band of robbers. He ran after pretty girls and persecuted them.

One night he said :—"I must catch that girl! I am determined to gratify my passion." He moved out to assail her purity and honour. On the way he heard a pious man reciting a verse from the *Qur'an* :—"Is it not high time for you to open your heart to repentance?"

The words went into the heart of this Muslim robber. He turned back and spent the whole night in prayer and penitence. Over and over again, he repeated the words from the *Qur'an* :—"Is it not high time for you to open your heart to repentance?" And every time he uttered these words, his eyes rained tears.

Then he said :—"Yes, Lord! It is high time! Lord, I repent! I repent! Help me,—Thine unprofitable servant!"

The next morning he distributed his ill-gotten gold and all his goods among the poor, saying :—"I, too, am one of you. Bless me!"

He became a *bhakta*. For many a year he wept by day, he kept awake and wept by night and prayed :—"Have mercy on me, O Lord! Have mercy on me,—a sinner!"

He proved a true disciple in the maturity of manhood, became a teacher of men and women and a healer of broken hearts.

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THE TRIPLE THREAD

THERE is a triple thread thou must wear, O pilgrim on the path!

The first is the thread of *satya*, truth. Look to nature as thy teacher, not custom, nor creed. Not for thee to choose the path of popularity. Fear not the crowd. Nor be afraid to stand alone!

And the second is *maitri*, friendliness. There are men who with truth on their lips are proud, vain, arrogant. Truth is humble. Truth is friendly to all. Bear witness to *satya* in life, in sweet reasonableness, in charity, in larger tolerance. Truth is not dogmatic. And don't forget that all expressions of truth are symbolic. If thou lovest not, *satya* is not in thee.

Let thy love, *maitri*, go out to all,—no matter what their creed or clime or colour or caste. Yes,—*maitri* should move out, also, to animals.

The Jains believe in *Tirthankāras*, the Perfect Ones. They know truth and they love all creatures. One of these *Tirthankāras* was Aristanemi, a prince. And there is a suggestive little story told of him in the books. When young, he is betrothed to a princess, Rajimati, a daughter of King Ugrasena. The Prince followed by a procession is proceeding to the palace of Ugrasena. On reaching the King's gate, Aristanemi hears loud sounds. He asks his charioteer :—"What mean these sounds?"

And the charioteer says :—"Sire! these sounds are cries of the animals whom the King has kept confined, and they will be shortly killed and served as meat to your bridal procession."

The Prince is surprised to hear this. He immediately gets down from his car. He tells the charioteer to take him to the place where the animals are kept confined. "Set them free!" he says to the charioteer. And they are set free!

In the heart of him who would worship truth, there must be love for all.

The third thread is *brahmacharya*, self-restraint. Don't look for truth in the company of passion. Truth sees with calm, pure eyes.

The worshipper of truth (*satya*) must be so pure that his body is gradually transmuted into a refined vehicle of the Spirit.

Blessed are they who wear this triple thread of *satya*, *maitri* and *brahmacharya*. They become sons of *shakti*. They carry with them a psychic atmosphere wherever they go. They achieve!

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THE HOLY MAN OF THE HOSPITAL

In a Spanish book is given the description of a man who undergoes a tremendous transformation. He is a rich man : he belongs to a family of the nobles. He reads the lives of some holy ones who dedicated themselves to the service of the poor. He makes up his mind to follow in the footsteps of these holy ones. He has large lands : he sells them. He spends his wealth in the service of the poor. He becomes poor himself.

Reduced to poverty, he suffers. And he says :—"Blessed am I! I am purified by suffering." We see him, day by day, communing with the Lord in silent prayer and pouring out his soul in gratitude to the God of mercy. One day, he is so filled with the ideal of identifying himself with the poor, that he parts with his garments and passes them on to a poor beggar. In clothes of poverty he now moves about, devoting himself to the charity of love.

Some look at him and ask him :—"What wilt hou be?"

He says :—"A vagabond of God!"

He becomes a wanderer, in witness to God. Alas! serving the people, he receives abuse and insult. Grateful he is for all the treatment given him by those whom he serves. Some of them know he was a rich man once : now that he is poor, he is respected by none. He turns to God for strength and solace in his loneliness.

One day, sitting in silence, far away from the crowds of men, he cries out :—"To Thee, O Lord! I give thanks and gratitude, for now I see that Thou dost accept the poor offering of my life. Even when so many give me abuse and insults, in Thy mercy, O Lord, Thou doth afflict me with suffering. And this Thou doest, I feel, that my soul may, through suffering, be purified. Thou, O Lord! dost give me suffering that it may break the fetters of my soul and that I may fly to Thee like a butterfly."

After sometime, a number of people recognise him and say, he was so rich, now he is become poor, and he bears insults even of the poor. When he finds that he is known to a number of men, he leaves the place and goes to another town. There he joins a hospital of mercy to assist in service of the sick and poor. In the hospital he is loved and revered. Outside the hospital, too, they have reverence for him. He is known as the "Holy Man of the Hospital." His health is weakened : and, day by day, he fades, yet continues to grow in faith and in love of God and service of the poor.

Here was a man, a true man, a man of God, who having much, renounced it in service of the poor, and accepted poverty and suffering as the discipline God used to purify him. Being purified, his heart attained to illumination and his illumined soul attained to realisation. Truth is not gained, but truth is realised in self-abnegation, in self-donation to God and the creatures of God. This man, whose very name I have forgotten, lives in my heart as the man who attained to holiness by walking the little way.

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BE IMPERSONAL !

Be impersonal if thou wilt be truly happy.

To be impersonal is to kill desires. Aspiration links thee with the Master.

And when aspiration glows with the beauty of fruition, thou becomest an impersonal instrument of the Infinite. Thou dost then realise that thou belongest not to thyself but to the World Purpose.

This realised the *rishis*. They wrote wonderful scriptures and built up culture *āsramas*, but the very names of many were withheld.

Get rid of the lower "I." Get rid of *rupa rāga*. Get rid of the desire for prominence and position. Get rid of *ahankāra*. Thy happiness is in emancipation of the heart.

Of an ancient Indian king, it is said he was found sitting at the foot of a tree exclaiming in great joy :—"Oh happiness, happiness!". They asked him why he uttered those words with such deep joy. He said :—"When I was a king, I was full of fear, and I spent anxious days and anxious nights. But now having renounced prominence and position, I feel at peace with the universe, and my mind is as peaceful as an antelope's."

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FORGET ME NOT !

How oft I forget Thee, Lord! But sometimes, sometimes, steals into my heart some memory of Thy mercy, and then I ache and yearn for Thee! Sometimes, sometimes, Thy truth blossoms as a flower and I shed tears thrilled with love.

O forget me not, when I forget Thee!

Forget me not, but keep me out of the feuds and fever of the life around me.

Forget me not, but listen to my anguished aspiration and bless me, Master! that I die not in the loneliness of the world's loud noises!

Forget me not in my wanderings, far and wide! But lead me safe through danger's ways that I may find my home at Thy Lotus Feet!

Forget me not, Thou Silent One! But keep me steady on the path and unafraid of Thy service!

In these my struggles and sorrows, in this anguish of my isolation, Master! forget me not!

I have wandered,—but in Thy quest!

I have sinned,—but in the yearning for Thy Face!

I have fallen,—but in climbing up to Thee, my Master and my Lord, my Leader and Liberator! Forget me not!

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CALL OF THE HEART

Thou hast waked up, O Love! a sleeping heart. Now be not far! With longing within me I wait for Thee, O Love! Now, come! Rend the veil and come!

Why, hast Thou concealed Thyself? Many are Thy plays and sports. Why wilt Thou not take me up the heights and sport with me in love?

Conceal Thyself no longer, Love! And I shall no more suppress myself. All sin is suppression. Forgive, O Love! my sin in me and transmute it into longing for union with Thy mystic beauty.

Come! that I may express myself and sit at Thy Lotus Feet and gaze and gaze at Thee.

Innumerable are the forms of Thy one Face of Silence! Thou the Ancient art the Ever-young, the Ever-new. Thy beauty is endless in the realm of nature,—how wonderful! Every day she weaves new forms of loveliness.

Yet more wonderful is Thy beauty in the centre that is within.

Withdraw me within. O Love! Take me into Thee that I may be lost in Thy loveliness dissolved in Thy ever-moving drama of life and love.

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A DIALOGUE WITH MYSELF

He for whom thy whole heart hath hungered, He is within thee : but thy look is outward, not inward. Thou art entangled in the snare of words. Thou hast not known thyself nor the secret of life.

To live is to affirm thy divinity. To live is to be a Hero or a God.

The Guru is within thee. Deep down in the Lotus of the Heart dwells the divine Self.

Self-will is what hides from thee the higher Self.

Self-renouncement will save thee.

Art thou perplexed by the problem of life? Don't worry! Go into silence! Thou wilt glimpse a solution. The higher Self is at work within thee. It, more than the conscious, planning, aggressive intellection, is working out the problem. Thou needst only be quiet, and thou wilt know better.

Learn then the secret of losing thyself.

Learn it in the school of silence and from the simple. Hast thou not learnt more from the little ones and the poor, humble, illiterate village-folk than from the great and the learned?

The more thou losest thyself, the more wilt thou mingle with the creative activity of the Divine Artist.

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APPENDIX

BELOVED DĀDĀ* : THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

By J. P. Vaswani

Who was he?

Sometimes I felt when coming near to him that to touch the hem of his garment was to commune with God. His life had the fragrance of the rose and the benediction of the singing bird.

There was a time when he rubbed shoulders with the tallest in the land. In those days, his name was coupled with those of Mahatma Gandhi and Rabindra Nath Tagore as one of the three leaders of New India. But he chose to walk the humble ways of life. He made of his life an offering at the altar of suffering humanity. He offered himself in the service of the poor, asking for no reward. Compassion flowed out of his heart in an endless stream. Not once did I know him fail in answering the call of human suffering.

Service of the poor was the worship he offered to God, everyday. Every day, he sat underneath the trees he loved, and gave to the poor and broken ones who came to him in hundreds. He gave them money : he gave them food : he gave them clothing. Above all, he gave them the benedictions of his loving heart. And they have met me, the poor whom he loved and served, and with tears in their eyes, they have said to me :—"Our Dada is gone : to whom shall we go now?"

Till the last day of his earth-life, he served the poor and broken ones. In their faces he beheld the Face of God.

---

* Sri T. L. Vaswani

Every human being, every creature was, to him, an image of the King of Beauty. To bring joy into the lives of the starving, struggling, sorrowing ones was one of the deepest aspirations of his life. A man came to him, one day, and giving him a bundle of notes said :—"Dadaji! here is money for your temple." And what did Dadaji do? He utilised the amount in feeding the poor, saying :—"The noblest temple is the heart of the poor man who gets his food and who blesses the Name of God!"

We were sitting, one day, underneath the trees, in the compound of St. Mira's College Building, when a group of *sanyāsins* came to meet him. They spoke of *mukti*, of salvation, liberation from the cycle of birth and death. After they left, Beloved Dada said to us :—"I do not aspire for *mukti*. I pray to God that I may be born, again and again, into this world of suffering and pain as an instrument of God's help and healing."

Beloved Dada was born on November 25, 1879, in Hyderabad-Sind, a land that has given birth to many *dervishes* and *fakirs*,—contemplatives and men of renunciation.

Even as a child, he was so different from other children. He did not play the games other children played. Part of his pocket money he utilised in getting flour for making *chappaties*, which he distributed among the blind, the lame and the halt, who sat on the wayside. And as he saw their faces beaming with joy, he knew that loving service of the poor was, indeed, worship of God.

Sometimes, as he sat to his meals and heard the cry of a passing beggar, he would take away his food to share it with the hungry one. From the beginning of his days, he was filled with the spirit of compassion which moved out to all who were in suffering and pain.

At night, he would sit on the housetop and, for hours together, gaze in silent wonder at the moon shining in clear, cloudless skies. On one such occassion, as he sat out in the moonlight, he saw as in a "vision," a white figure with silvery hair and flowing beard. The figure called out to him : and he answered the call, and was lost in silence, out of which he was awakened by his mother who carried him into the house. That was his first "vision,"—his first conscious link with the Unseen World : and he was only eight years old.

As a school-boy, he was brilliant at his studies and rarely missed the first rank. At the matriculation examination, he secured a scholarship which took him to the College. His classmates in the college often wondered at the unsullied purity of his life and utter guilelessness : and they all loved and respected him as one belonging to a world remote from their own.

He became an "Ellis Scholar" and a Fellow of the D. J. Sind College, Karachi. And soon after passing the M. A. Examination, he was appointed as Professor in a Calcutta College.

He was thirty years of age, when he went to Berlin as one of India's representatives to the *Welt Congress*, the World Congress of Religions. His speech there and his subsequent lectures in different parts of Europe aroused deep interest in Indian thought and religion and linked many with him in India's mission of help and healing.

From his earliest years, Dadaji's heart was smitten with love for the Lord : he longed to dedicate his life to the service of God and His suffering children. The ideal that he had always placed before himself was that of the *fakir*,—the man who took the Word of God to waiting hearts, the man who was shorn of all possessions and was God-possessed. But for several years he had to do "secular" work. He served as Principal of more than one college; he became an idol of youth. There was a brilliant career open to him, but he was not out to carve a career for himself. He was forty years of age when his mother passed away. His only link with earthly existence having broken, he resigned his job. He renounced everything to be, in his own words, "an humble servant of India and the Rishis."

He entered into the struggle for freedom of the country. At that time, Mahatma Gandhi had appeared on the Indian scene and had launched his "Satyagraha" Movement. Dadaji was one of the earliest supporters of Mahatma Gandhi's Movement and a close associate of Mahatma Gandhi. The very first article on the front page of the first issue of Gandhiji's "*Young India*" was a contribution by Beloved Dada. He also wrote several books,—including *India Arisen; Awake! Young India; India's Adventure; India in Chains; The Secret of Asia; My Motherland; Builders of Tomorrow; Apostles of Freedom;* —exhorting the youths to dedicate their lives to the service of India, the Mother.

Later, Dadaji turned his attention to education and other spheres, emphasising that character-building is nation-building. With this in view, he started "Youth Centres" in different places. He opened the "Shakti Ashram" at Rajpur, inspired by faith in the youths of India. He lectured in different places on the "Mission of Indian Youths," pointing out that Freedom was nigh, and that he looked to the youths of India for giving right direction to the life of the nation in the coming days. Dadaji held that India's youths were the destined leaders of the nation and should be trained and disciplined in order to fulfil the task awaiting them. He held, too, that Freedom's work was yet incomplete in India.

In his quiet, humble work for the "Youth Movement," his emphasis was on *shakti* (vitality). He organised two "Youth Conferences," at one of which the ceremony of unfurling the "Youth Flag" was performed by Pandit

Jawaharlal Nehru. At the "Shakti Ashram" at Rajpur, Dadaji endeavoured to train youths drawn from different parts of the country in the "school of *shakti*" for the service of India. The "Shakti Ashram" arrested the attention of a number of prominent persons and was visited, among others, by Mahatma Gandhi who planted a "Youth Tree" on the occasion of his visit to the Ashram.

Of Dadaji it was said in those days :—"Who are the leaders of India, today? In the West, among the names known for spiritual life and teaching are Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindra Nath Tagore and T. L. Vaswani. India is blessed with Vaswani who asks the youth of India to build a bridge of brotherhood between the East and the West." V. I. Cooper of New York spoke of him as "the Faraday of spiritual science." Baron Howen of France called him a "living leader of the world." Dr. Cousins, the Irish poet and mystic, called him a "forerunner of the New Age" and a "thinker and revealer of the deep truths of the Spirit." Prof. Horwitz, the American thinker, spoke of him as a "path-finder and pioneer." Mon. Paul Richard, the eminent French savant, speaking of him, said :—"I have been blessed. For amidst the deserts of Sind, I have found a true Prophet, a messenger of the New Spirit, a saint, a sage, and a seer, a rishi of New India, a leader to the Great Future,—Sadhu Vaswani."

During a recent visit to Poona, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India, addressing a public meeting, said :—"Sadhu Vaswani was a true pilgrim who considered his work to be the spreading of enlightenment and comfort among the youth of this country.........Sadhu Vaswani created a new climate, a new atmosphere."

Dadaji urged that a "new education" was necessary. "Our schools and colleges," he said, "are prison-cells. They keep out the sunshine of Indian ideals and Indian culture. This isolation of modern India's brain from the mighty Soul that made Aryavarta a model nation, in the long ago,—this is the tragedy of our life today."

Dadaji moved across the length and breadth of India. He went to the cities : he visited the villages. He met men and women and children. He looked into their needs. He found that the bodies of many were famished, their souls were impoverished. And he called upon the people of India to organise themselves for the service of humanity.

Dadaji pleaded for the birth of a new physical culture, a new spirit of adventure, a new love of danger and difficulty. His message to Young India was :—Be simple, be manly, be hard!

In 1933, Dadaji founded the "Mira Movement in Education" which has, today, its headquarters at Poona. The Movement was started in Sind and plans were afoot to develop it into a Mira University when the "Partition" came to paralyse the best efforts of enlightened men in Sind. The Mira Movement attempts at enriching students with vital truths of modern life and, at the same time, making them lovers of the Indian Ideals and India's culture, at once idealistic and spiritual. Such an education is essential to India's social and political salvation. The emphasis in the teaching passed on in Mira Educational Institutions is that education is a thing of the Spirit and that the end of all knowledge is service,—service of the poor and lowly, the sick and afflicted ones.

A number of humanitarian activities are being conducted at Poona under the ever-living guidance and inspiration of Dadaji. They include two charitable dispensaries where hundreds of poor patients receive free medical aid; St. Mira's College and St. Mira's Schools, where education is given free to poor students; a "Welfare Fund" which sends out financial aid to displaced people in different parts of India; a Home of Service through work where women are given opportunities to earn their livelihood; a Jiv Daya Department dedicated to the welfare of brother birds and animals.

Dadaji was never tired of asking us to go and break to the needy the bread in love; for to live is to give. Religion, to him, was not rites and ceremonies, not creeds and conformities. "Religion," he said, "is life, is fellowship, is mingling of the individual with the Great Life. And this is not shut up in the temples. This is moving in the market place. The Great God is not somewhere in isolation. The Great God is in the procession of life. Greet Him there! You will not find Him in the temples of marble and stone. You will meet Him in the sweat and struggle of life, in the tears and tragedies of the poor. Not in decorated Temples, but in broken cottages is the Great God,—wiping the tears of the poor and singing His new Gita for the New Age!"

Having everything, Beloved Dada chose to live as a *fakir*, a man who possessed nothing. Knowing everything, he lived as one who knew naught. His humility was profound. This prince among men, this uncrowned king of our hearts chose to live as a servant of the poor and broken ones. His life was a source of perennial inspiration to thousands all over the world. He was a voice of the voiceless ones,—our dear dumb brothers, birds and animals, who, alas! are being slain by the million everyday. Every little thing he did was inspired by the vision cosmic.

Beloved Dada's life rings with the message :—"Each day aspire to live in the love of God, in compassionate kindness to all, in fellowship with the broken ones and in the pure love of truth."

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